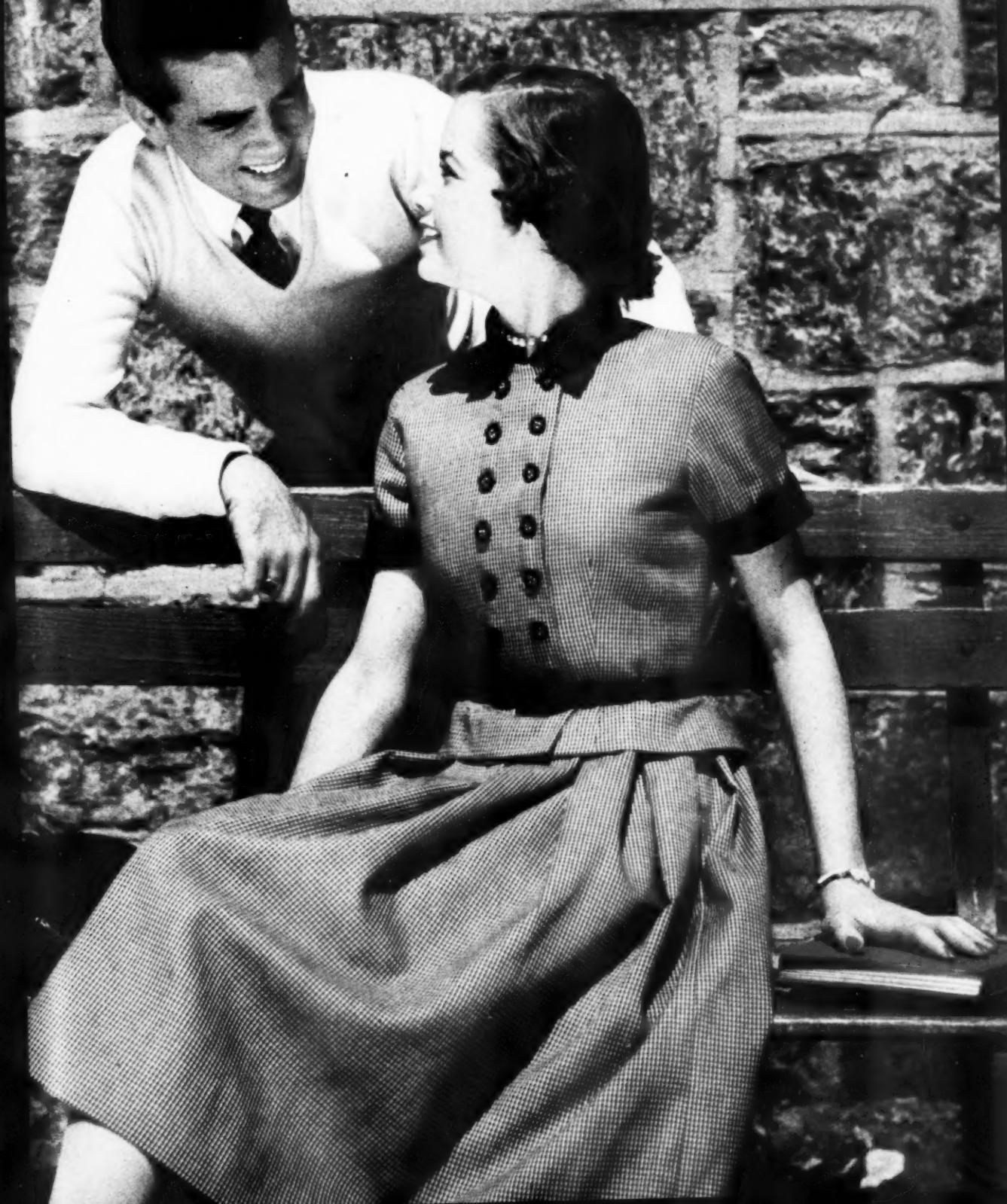


The AMERICAN GIRL

August
1952 25¢





EASY WAY TO Make *Extra* Money JUST SHOW YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS *Exclusive, Exciting, Greeting Cards*



"Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment
By every standard the most thrilling beautiful assortment of exquisite, original, EXCLUSIVE DESIGN Christmas Cards in America! 21 large-size cards—every one different! Sells for \$1.00—your profit up to 50c.

No Other Company Offers These Sensations!

Pictured here are only three of more than 40 quality greeting card assortments and other items in the amazing Wallace Brown line! Rush coupon for actual samples and full details!

Christmas Velvet Assortment

New! Exciting! and Oh, so lovely! The luxurious, soft raised, velvet-like "flock" applique is a delight to the touch and its rich color livens the beauty of every design. Sells for \$1.00—your profit up to 50c.

Barrel-of-Fun Everyday Assortment

Newest rage! A fun packed assortment of gay, clever cards for Birthdays, Get-Well, etc. A hearty laugh in every design! Sells for \$1.00—your profit up to 50c.

CLUB LEADERS

Raise money for your club treasury! Members of your group can earn welcome dollars easily—for camp expenses, equipment, supplies. Mail coupon for details.

Send No Money!

MAIL THE COUPON FOR THE BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES!

Don't send a single penny! Just your name and address on the coupon in this ad. Actual sample of the exciting, easy-selling "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment shown on this page—PLUS FREE SAMPLES of personal, name-imprinted Christmas Cards—will be mailed to you at once, prepaid, with complete information and money-making plans. Mail the coupon NOW.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. P-120, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Famous Nationally Advertised Christmas and Everyday Box Assortments and Personal Christmas Cards

YOU DON'T NEED ANY EXPERIENCE AND WE SEND YOU SAMPLES.

Here's the easiest and most pleasant way in the world to make the extra money you want! Simply show the lovely, exclusive assortments of Greeting Cards by Wallace Brown to your friends and neighbors! My, how fast they'll order from you when they see the gorgeous cards for Christmas and all occasions! You make more money with America's leading designs, amazing new, completely-different, original creations offered by no other company. Yes, balanced assortments of lavish, costly cards—gorgeous papers, rich multi-color printing, gleaming metallic foils, clever folds and cutouts—each assortment an eye-filling treasure and a money-saving value. Just wait until you see the many surprises! Mail the coupon below NOW for actual samples on approval.

Assortments Everyone Loves for Christmas and All Occasions—and Many Fast-Selling

Gift Items Too!

You've never even imagined you could offer such wonder-values, all from one company—only a few are listed below:

CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENTS: Besides those shown on this page, you can offer Merry Christmas Comics, White and Gold Assortment, "Christmas-in-the-Country" Assortment, Pictorama Christmas Carols, Religious Scripture Text, Gift-Wrapping Ensembles, Currier & Ives, and many others.

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS: Exclusive, beautiful designs with customer's name imprinted, at unbelievably low prices.

EVERYDAY ASSORTMENTS: "Feature" All-Occasion, Floral Corsage, Little Folks "Action" Cards, Gift Wrappings, Personal Notes, and many others.

GIFT ITEMS: Storyland Dolls, Floral Stationery, Children's Books, "Fractured French" Napkins, Novelties, many others.

Post this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples, sent on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. P-120
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

Please rush at once sample of the "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, and FREE Samples Personal Christmas Cards, with details of complete line and money-making plans.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

I am a Club Leader

The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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Cover by WILLIAM BENEDICT

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JOAN PORTER, Article Editor

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AUGUST COVER GIRL

Our August cover girl is sparkling Dorry Lewis, whose favorite subject at school is geography. This is partly due to the fact that Dorry has spent most of her life traveling throughout the United States. She is shown wearing a cotton tweed outfit by Suzy Brooks which is guaranteed washable. The fitted jacket is double breasted with short, cuffed sleeves and a small, pointed collar of velvet, while the buttons have velvet trim. The dress, a V-necked jumper, also has a double-button closing and velvet trim. Skirt is full. In blue or green, about \$15. 'TWIX-TEEN' sizes 8-14, at the stores on page 77. Dorry's sweater is by Brownie, necklace by Ben Berchman, lipstick by Revlon. Boy's sweater by Robert Bruce from Sterns.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.50 for one year, \$4.00 for two years. Foreign and Canadian, \$6.00 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by *money order* for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.
155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

VOLUME XXXV

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 8

The American Girl is published monthly by Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. Copyright, 1952, Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., in the United States and Canada. Reproduction or adaptation for radio or other use not permitted except by special arrangement. Re-entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1944, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 2, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921. Subscription \$2.50 a year. Volume XXXV, Number 8.

THE AMERICAN GIRL



Of course you would like to have extra money of your own. And it's easy to make this money—in your spare time—with the friendly, proven SOUTHERN PLAN!

Show Charming Christmas Cards

Styled with the South's Flair for Beauty

You don't have to know how to sell. The 1952 Southern Beauty Christmas Card Assortment

actually sells itself! Imagine—you offer this box of 21 big new Christmas Cards for just \$1. And each fast

sale pays you up to 50c. On 100 boxes you make

\$50! You make extra profits with other quick-selling Southern Christmas and All-Occasion Card Assortments, Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, Gifts and Novelties.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE EARNINGS LIKE THESE?

M.B., Ohio—\$1,088.31

E.F.B., Kans.—\$565.10

R.K.S., Fla.—\$516.00

A Tennessee charitable group earned \$988.00

GET SAMPLES TODAY!

Let SOUTHERN make money for you or your organization. Costs you nothing to try. Send for FREE Imprint Samples and Assortments on approval!

"I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO START EARNING WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!"

*Kitty Mason,
Dealer Counsellor
*Professional Model

Mail Coupon Now!

SOUTHERN GREETING CARD CO.
216 S. Pauline St., Dept. L-5, Memphis 4, Tenn.
Please send me full facts on your plan. Include FREE Imprint Samples, Assortments on approval.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Include organization plan.

Organization Name.....



education in economy — by mail

Shop any of these wonderful stores with nothing more than a 3¢ postage stamp... and you're headed for a snap course in economy. Famous American Girl Shoes in the back-to-school styles that are right for class or dates.

\$6.95

SEND COUPON BELOW TO THE NEAREST STORE LISTED ON THIS PAGE

California
BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles

Georgia
RICH'S, Atlanta

ALTMAN'S, Brunswick

Illinois
MANDEL BROS., Chicago

Indiana
L.S. AYRES & CO., Indianapolis

Iowa
ARMSTRONG'S, Cedar Rapids

Louisiana
D. H. HOLMES CO., New Orleans

Maryland
WYMAN'S SHOES, Baltimore

Massachusetts
JORDAN MARSH CO., Boston

FORBES & WALLACE,
Springfield

Michigan
CROWLEY-MILNER, Detroit

Missouri
BOND'S SHOES, Kansas City

STIX, BAER & FULLER,
St. Louis

New Jersey
BAMBERGER'S, Newark

New York
BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York

McCURDY'S, Rochester

Ohio

THE M. O'NEIL CO., Akron

F. & R. LAZARUS, Columbus

Pennsylvania

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LIT BROS., Philadelphia

KAUFFMAN'S, Pittsburgh

Tennessee

WALLACE'S, Johnson City

Virginia

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Washington

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Washington, D. C.

THE HÉCHT CO.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP

West Virginia

STONE & THOMAS, Wheeling

Wisconsin

MILWAUKEE BOSTON STORE,

Milwaukee

Name of store

please send me the following American Girl shoes:
(check name of shoe and color wanted, write in size wanted)

MIMI black brown red wine British tan SIZE

SADDLE white with brown saddle white with black SIZE

MONET red brown SIZE

MOX brown SIZE

My Name

(please print)

Address

City

Zone

State

I enclose money order check (\$6.95 for each pair)

AMERICAN GIRL SHOE CO., 120 Kingston St., Boston, Mass. • Division: Consolidated National Shoe Corp.

Now! A choice of 3 permanents for all different types of hair

NEW TONI TRIO

custom-made for you!



Regular Toni



Perfect for most women—including the millions of Toni users who have always had good results. Now better than ever, Regular Toni gives you the beauty of a natural wave because it's just right for normal hair.



Very Gentle Toni



If your hair waves very easily you need the extra mildness of Very Gentle Toni. It's custom-made to give you a soft, natural-looking permanent. Also wonderful for bleached or tinted hair—or hair with some natural curl.

Super Toni

FOR
HARD
TO
WAVE
HAIR



If other permanents didn't take or didn't last, Super Toni is your answer. For it is specially made to curl resistant hair. Super Toni is recommended, too, for women who want a curlier permanent.



Now... do what the finest beauty shops do

—choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio—Regular Toni, Super Toni, Very Gentle Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

Your choice of Toni refills \$1.50

Tonette

NEW PERMANENT
FOR CHILDREN

At last a permanent that takes on every little girl's hair! Tonette—the children's home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters' hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.



Tonette refill \$1.50

SPARKLING SEPARATES! **GRAYSON**



a



b



c



d

a Everglaze Checked Cotton keeps its fresh perky crispness through soap 'n water! Pure white embossed pique collar and cuffs. Grey, red, or green check. 9 to 15. **\$2.99**

c Bandmaster Weskit. Luscious corduroy weskit that whittles and curves you, makes your every skirt a suit! Triple-buttoned, trimly corded. Red, green, gold, purple. 9 to 15. **\$3.99**

b Magic-Wash Nylon Sweater!...the most wonderful slipon you can own! 100% nylon, boldly striped to a fine line, with delicate scalloped embroidery edging the Peter Pan collar. Grey-heather, tan-heather. 34 to 40. **\$2.99**

d Cotton-Knit Novel-TEE Shirt! Soft-shouldered shirt in a wonderfully textured striped cotton knit. For contrast, solid-color rib-knit baby turtle-neck, cuffs and waist. Black/white, tan/brown, grey/red. S,M,L. **\$1.99**

e Corduroy Coachman Jumper. Button-brave jumper with olde-English airs . . . wing-collared, self-button panel slim-making the front. Wear over what-have-you, or bare-armed by itself! Gold, red, green, purple. 9 to 15, 10 to 16. **\$8.99**

GRAYSON
ROBINSON

ROBINSON 20TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIALS!

g



f Black-Piped Corduroy Jumper. Lush corduroy molds you on top, flares wide in the skirt. Black trim for emphasis! Gold, purple, red. 9 to 15.

\$8.99

g Matching hat. S, M, L **\$1.00**

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR MONEY REFUNDED

h Crisp Cotton Broadcloth.

Tucked, tabbed blouse with a wonderful airy collar to wing you off to high times. Love the deep dolman sleeves, the pearly shiny square buttons. Washable. White, red, gold, pink, navy. 32 to 38.

\$2.99



j Smooth Broadcloth makes a gay barber-pole striped Gibson blouse with starchy white pique collar and French cuffs. Sanforized, red, navy, green or black stripes on white. 32 to 38.

\$2.99



MAKE THEM YOURS BY MAIL!

GRAYSON-ROBINSON STORES, M.O. DEPT' 8100, BOX 1145, G.P.O. NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Please send me the following:

	quantity	size	color	2nd color	price		quantity	size	color	2nd color	price
(a) everglaze check blouse					\$2.99	(f) black-piped corduroy jumper					\$8.99
(b) nylon zig-zags					\$2.99	(g) matching hat					\$1.00
(c) corduroy weskit					\$3.99	(h) cotton broadcloth shirt					\$2.99
(d) knit cotton blouse					\$1.99	(i) striped broadcloth blouse					\$2.99
(e) corduroy couchmen jumper					\$8.99						

M.O. Check C.O.D.

(Add 25¢ each jumper, 18¢ each blouse, weskit, sweater, for postage and handling.)

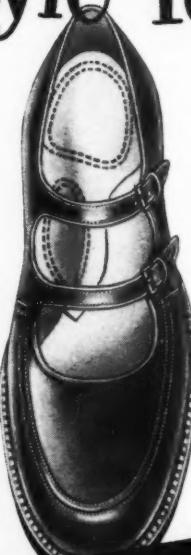
name _____

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state _____

Here's a New Official Style for Girl Scouts...

Smart, comfortable
shoes to go with
your uniform



MODERN AGE
OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT AND
BROWNIE SCOUT SHOES

NEW LOW PRICES

\$8.45

*slightly higher
in Far West.*

also in Official
Brownie Scout
Sizes 12 1/2 to 3

\$7.45



made with the
exclusive
DUAL CUSHION HEEL
for extra
walking comfort



CURTIS • STEPHENS • EMBRY CO., INC., Reading, Pa.



by MARJORIE VETTER

Sybil Ludington's Ride. By ERICK BERRY. *The Viking Press*, \$2.50. The Ludington girls had learned to look out for themselves and for each other. Their mother was dead and their father away at war. Ricky, the younger, was twelve, reckless, and high-spirited. Sybil was gentle, thoughtful, and understanding. Both girls were fun-loving and courageous, though each displayed these traits in her own fashion. Both girls loved their colt, Star, with his intelligent, engaging ways, but Sybil was secretly a little afraid to ride him. When Colonel Ludington's regiment disbanded so that the farmer-soldiers could come home to put in their summer crops, the girls had a wonderful time cooking and keeping house for their father. The Connecticut countryside was full of spies, traitors, and thieves so that often it was risky business to have cows and horses in a stable or to be out after dark. Venturesome Ricky, trying to recruit for the colonial army was captured, and only her courage and quick wit saved her. Then, on a dark night when a violent storm was raging, news came that the British, having burned Danbury, were advancing. There was no horse but Star to spread the alarm and muster Colonel Ludington's regiment to hold back the British. And with Ricky ill with a cold, there was no one but Sybil to ride him. But how could she, who had timorously ridden no more than four or five easy miles, brave the black, stormy night on a wild thirty-mile ride? An able and experienced storyteller has brought to life a stirring and dramatic episode of colonial history, for Ricky and Sybil were real girls, and their story is true.

The Heavens Are Telling. By URANA CLARKE. *Acorn House*, \$2.95. If, like a celestial hors d'oeuvre, Urana Clarke's zestful article, "Big Show in the Sky," on page 26 of this issue, has whetted your appetite for a more substantial feast of the heavens, you will welcome this slim volume in which she tells a more detailed story of the sky. The style is the same that makes the article so enjoyable—simple, clear, full of life and vivid imagery. The book is generously illustrated with drawings and diagrams by Michael Chanwick and fine photographs taken by leading observatories. Miss Clarke begins her engrossing story with the sky (do you know why it is blue?); discusses the universe and its important inhabitants: stars, planets—sun, earth, moon, satellites—and their motions; and continues with chapters devoted to detailed consideration of various astronomical activities—eclipse, occultation, etc. The use of the sky in daily affairs, such as time, weather, navigation, is explained in later chapters. Identification of constellations and stars and some legends about them make up the closing chapters.

Here are answers to your questions about the heavens, and sky charts which illustrate each season and help make star identification easy. If you are looking for a new hobby, this book will be fun; it might even tempt you into a serious study of astronomy.

The Port of Missing Men. By RENE PRUD'HOMMEAUX. *The Viking Press*, \$2.50. Dave Brent had worked hard all his short life, so it was good to be walking down a country road with his beloved cocker, Miss Happy, toward a summer's vacation at The Port of Missing Men, an estate which he had unexpectedly inherited. The Port had come to Dave, he understood, because a long search had revealed him to be the only living relative of the late owner, a Mr. Underhill, whom he had seen only once. This was amazing enough, but it was nothing to the astonishing events that followed thick and fast after Dave's arrival to claim his inheritance. The Port turned out to be the fire-blackened ruins of the great house in which Mr. Underhill had mysteriously met his death, and a comfortable guest house, set in a vast, seemingly isolated acreage of woods, lakes, and streams. The place was filled with unusual people engaged in various highly suspicious activities, including secretly spying on one another. There was a daring and independent girl who claimed to be Dave's Cousin Serena; Steve Larrup, a friend with a bent for crime detection; a choleric lawyer who very evidently was not all he seemed; a sinister taxi driver with a gift for impersonation; and a violently disagreeable housekeeper who allowed no one near her kitchen. Here are all the ingredients for a satisfactory mystery, and when three wide-awake, resourceful young people are concerned with it, you are bound to have fun, excitement, and plenty of action.

Becky's Boarding House. By ELEANOR THOMAS. *Charles Scribner's Sons*, \$3.00. Debbie Douglas was lost and lonesome when her family moved from the seaside to an inland town in Ohio. Where would she find friends, and what could make up for the loss of the sea and the fun of putting about in boats? Then Debbie met Miss Hubbard's Brownie troop, and life became so full of excitement she sometimes went for long stretches without even remembering the little catboat with the red sails she had had to leave behind. For Becky Lee, from Miss Thomas's earlier book "Becky and Tatters," was a member of the troop and lived in Debbie's apartment house. Becky had an animal boardinghouse in the basement, and the boarders were not only cats and dogs, but other more unusual creatures like a wild squirrel, a strange tropical mynah bird, and a California burro. Life was never dull for Debbie, Becky, and the Brownies. They had one amusing adventure after another with the animals, with a mysterious echo which had the whole apartment house baffled and jittery, and at troop meetings. Younger readers will find the adventures of these lively, independent Brownies entertaining reading. The book may be ordered from the Girl Scout Equipment Service under catalog number 23-624. THE END

If you are interested in books reviewed on these pages, and you cannot find copies at your local bookstore, you may order from the publishers in care of the magazine. Please make checks or money orders payable to the publisher, not to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

the look of **P**aris
the look of **P**opularity!

The moment you *look* at these Bonnie Blair dresses, you can tell they'll be fun. They're so light-hearted, so graceful, so Paris-smart! In spirited plaids of Dan River Wrinkl-Shed® cotton. Sizes 8 to 14. Each, about \$8.

Bonnie Blair

for the young teen-ager



At fine stores everywhere. For store nearest you, write Rosenu Brothers, Inc., Philadelphia 29, Pa.

Here's good news for you:
 you've outgrown the
 name "Sis"! Proof?
 You're wearing
Twixteens
 and you're
 going places!
 What's more,
 everyone's noticing
 how smart you look
 how pleased your
 mother looks . . .
 and how admiringly
 the boys look . . .
 at you.

look again!
 these
 four separates make 10 outfits!



Derby uses Bernside Togeray and all-wool plaid to multiply your wardrobe . . . gives you all these colorful "mix-ups" in Twixteen sizes 8 to 14:

- Ⓐ a reversible plaid and corduroy weskit. Red plaid/royal; red plaid/red; green plaid/dark green; rust plaid/bronze. About \$6.
- Ⓑ a belted corduroy skirt; unpressed cluster pleats. Red, royal, dark green; gold. About \$6.
- Ⓒ a boy jacket of corduroy, rayon lined, wide lapels, leather buttons, 2 patch pockets. Red, royal, dark green, gold. About \$11.
- Ⓓ an all-wool plaid knife pleated skirt. Red, green, rust. About \$8.

the smartest girls are those who

Twixteens are exclusive with these fine stores:

Atlanta, Ga., RICH'S
 Baltimore, Md., HUTZLER'S
 Boston, Mass., WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY
 Brooklyn, N. Y., ABRAHAM & STRAUS
 Chicago, CARSON PIRIE SCOTT

Cincinnati, O., THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY

Cleveland, Ohio, THE HIGBEE CO.

Columbus, Ohio, THE F. & R. LAZARUS & CO.

Dallas, Texas, SANGER'S

Dayton, O., THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY

Detroit, Mich., THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY

Houston, Texas, FOLEY'S

Indianapolis, Ind., L. S. AYRES & COMPANY

Los Angeles, Calif., BULLOCK'S

Miami, Fla., BURDINE'S, INC.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, BOSTON STORE

Minneapolis, Minn., THE DAYTON COMPANY

the glad look...plaid.

⑥ **Smarteens!** Cheerful plaid in washable cotton, punctuated with white broadcloth. Blue or green plaids. Twixteen sizes 10 to 14. About \$4.



sweater and skirt



best bib and tucker

① Criterion's smooth-textured broadcloth blouse; tucked yoke; permanently stiffened collar. White, gold, jade, navy, pink, light blue, red. Twixteen sizes 10 to 14. About \$3.

in colors that match

① **Grand Knitting's**
slip-on with angora-and-gold thread
fleur-de-lis. Red, navy, white, dark green,
spark blue, fire rose. Twixteen sizes 10 to 14.
About \$5. (Also available matching
long-sleeved cardigan. ⑥ About \$6.)

④ **Girl Town's** flared four-gore skirt of all-wool tweed in spark blue, black tweed, fire rose. Twixteen sizes 8 to 14. About \$7. (Also in solid navy, green, grey. Same sizes and price.)

wear...

New York City, BLOOMINGDALE'S
Philadelphia, Pa., STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER
Pittsburgh, Pa., JOSEPH HORNE CO.
Richmond, Va., THALHIMERS
Rochester, N. Y., B. FORMAN CO.
St. Louis, Mo., STIX, BAER & FULLER
Winston-Salem, N. C., SOSNIK-THALHIMERS
Worcester, Massachusetts, FILENE'S

See these Twixteens at the fine stores listed, or send your order to the listed store nearest you.

Style	Quantity	Size	1st color choice	2nd color choice	Price	Enclosed: Check <input type="checkbox"/> Money Order <input type="checkbox"/>
						Name.....
						Address.....
						City..... Zone... State...
						Include amount for city and/or state tax, if you live in a tax area. Add 20c for postage, if outside delivery area.

"Is the cotton washable?
The corduroy durable?
Will the dress-sweater style
wear well? How about
that jacket—is it warm
enough?" Your mom will
be glad that **Twixteen's**
answers are
"Definitely, Yes."

But what counts more
to you is . . . that boys are
just naturally
attracted to
Twixteens . . .
and to the girls
who wear
them.

this jacket
tops
everything
for style,
warmth, comfort

① **Glass Coat Company's**
versatile alpaca jacket of **Blumenthal**
pile with all-wool plaid lining . . .
exactly the type to choose for your
"steady". Johnny collar, raglan
sleeves, slit pockets, two patch pockets.
Adjustable elastic cuff insert keeps
out the cold. Grey or tan. Twixteen
sizes 10 to 14. About \$25.



dress
plus sweater
twice
as much
fashion:

② **Abby Teens** selects
Dobbyglow Everglaze for the dress,
adds a nylon sweater, and presto! It's
the outfit most likely to win compliments
... and boy friends! Jewel-touched
collar; roomy skirt. Tomato
red/navy sweater; carioca
green/maize sweater; turquoise
blue/white sweater. Twixteen
sizes 8 to 14. About \$11.

fabrics play a major part

you're so right to choose these

wonderful, for
the money

Youth Modes'

two handbags . . . both with
adjustable shoulder straps . . .
both smart enough to help
you win increased allowance.
Left: (N) Plastic calf fitted
with comb, brush, mirror; red,
navy, hunter green, brown.
About \$2, plus tax. Right: (O)
Corduroy and Plastic calf
combination drawstring
pouch; two handy side
pockets. Red, royal, hunter
green, gold. About \$3, plus tax.



good travelling

companions:

train case and hatbox

Youth Modes "Prom Trotters"® . . . both

units with mirror, comb, brush, plastic
bottle, all-around zip closure. Left: (P)
Plastic plaid train case; plastic handle. Red
only. About \$4, plus tax. Right: (Q) Plastic
plaid hatbox. Red only. About \$4, plus tax.

H'ATTENTION, please!

Capulets shows you how to get a good head start. Left: (R)
Modified jockey hat; corduroy; red, hunter green, royal, gold.
Sizes 21, 21½, 22. About \$3. Right: (S) Velveteen shell
cloche; feather brush trim. Red, navy, black, brown, green.
Adjustable head sizes. About \$4.



something for a rainy day

(T) **D. Klein's** umbrella of solid acetate, enlivened with
vivid plaid ruffle. Red or navy, cane-shaped plastic handle.
About \$3.



Twixteens are exclusive with these fine stores:
Atlanta, Ga., RICH'S
Baltimore, Md., HUTZLER'S
Boston, Mass., WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY
Brooklyn, N. Y., ABRAHAM & STRAUS
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the pajamas you've
dreamed about

⑪ Miss Berkleigh

bids you many good nights. Classic
Window-pane stripes in Sanforized
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pink or aqua with white. Pre-teen
sizes 8 to 16. About \$4.



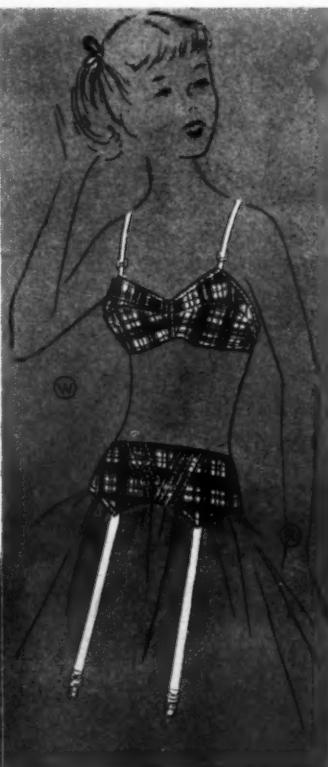
⑫

two bosom friends
... one garter belt

Belle-Mode knows how to figure you out
correctly, from the start; support you firmly,
yet gently... in short, to acquaint you
with the fundamentals of fashion.

⑪ Right: The first bra... of washable
cotton. Galey & Lord gingham plaid,
about \$1.25 or solid white, about
\$1.19. Pre-Teen sizes 30 to 36.

⑫ Garter belt of durable, washable
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⑪ Left: Your second bra. Solid
white, or plaid washable cotton.
Pre-teen sizes 30 to 36. White,
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Approved for the American girl...by the American boy

A. The "letter" sweater . . . handsome heavy 100% virgin wool, with room for your school award. Jockey red, white, gold, kelly. 34 to 40. \$5.99
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B. Box-pleated wool and rayon skirt, sleek at the hips. Purple, red, brown or green plaid. 22 to 28. \$5.99
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A

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C. Corduroy outfit to mix or wear together. Weskit with three little buttoned tabs, a poet's collar. Slim fly-front skirt. Gold, green, rust, red. 12 to 18. \$6.99
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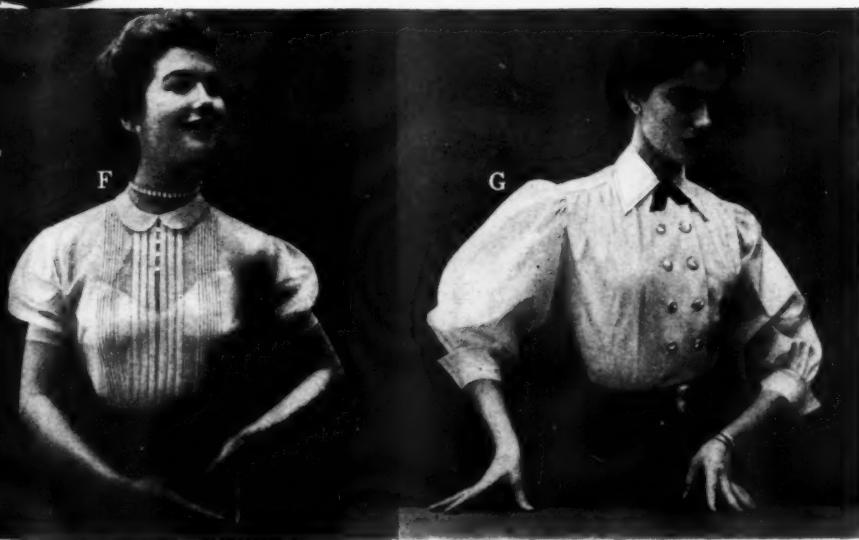
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because they look so smart in the classroom
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H. Corduroy jacket
to top everything you own.
Belted to make little of your
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gold, dark green, red.
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F. Sheer loveliness:
100% nylon tricot blouse, its
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Pleated and pin-tucked front;
back-buttoned. A stay-fresh
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no time. White only.
12 to 38. \$2.99
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G. Gibson Girl cotton
perma-faille blouse with a
ribboned medallion at the
throat; cuffed, puffed
sleeves; two rows of buttons.
White, grey, red, purple,
green, citron.
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(Add 18c for postage and handling)

J. Landlubbers' peajacket
in 100% wool melton cloth, lined
with rayon satin.
A natty, nautical classic, with
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Q

QUESTION: who's lucky in love, lucky in COATS?

A

ANSWER: the teen-of-hearts who wears

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GLOW-BACK-TO-SCHOOL... in St. Marys "be-hue-tiful" fuzzy-faced 100% wool that fluffs up clean, new, bright as a poker-chip with a flick of its own free brush! Choose our hug-collared "ROYAL FLUSH" with its sunburst of back-fullness or "RED QUEEN" beau-ed with a wear-a-million-ways velvet tie. Both coats in royal blue, red, gold, green, aqua, nude, copper, rose, French blue. Sub-teen sizes 8 to 14.

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LOOK MA- NO SHOPPING!



Dear Mom,

I've got my Back to School wardrobe all picked out, and it was so easy.

I went to my favorite store and found a luscious tweed corduroy skirt with two pockets and a wonderful tweedy Chambray blouse that's just perfect with it.

And then I saw a silky smooth corduroy jumper with that new middy look and buttoned down the front with French coins.

You know I've always wanted a striped dress and I saw one with lovely colors and cut with a nice full skirt.

Oh yes -- I almost forgot the wool jersey blouse to wear with the jumper. It has a turtle neck with the cutest jeweled safety pin.

The skirt in blue or green..... is about \$7.00
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May I have them? Please let me know at once.
Your loving Daughter

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FOR STORE
NEAREST
YOU
WRITE





Good-by, Indian Prince

by RUTH DORVAL JONES

There comes a time
when a dream loses
its enchanting spell

PALE hands I loved
Beside the Shalimar"—
Attired in filmy white, Alana
stood at the edge of a moonlit lake. A
barge approached and a man leaped to
the shore, his clothes and turban of rich
satin, his eyes brilliant in his dark, proud
face. Moving toward him through the
lotus-scented night, Alana was lost once
more in the spell of his savage charm
and beauty. "My prince," she murmured.
"My Indian prince."

"My love," he whispered, and lifted
her aboard the barge . . .

"Do turn that thing off, honey. Your
father says he'll lose his mind if he hears
that record one more time."

Mrs. Neelton, clad in a neat cotton
print, stood in the doorway.

Barge, lake, and prince vanished.
Alana uncurled her pajama-clad body
from the foot of the big oak bed and al-
most in the same motion lifted the arm
of her record player. The Kashmiri song
stopped abruptly.

"Perhaps I'd better stay here till you're
dressed. I don't want you to miss the
school bus the way you did yesterday."
Mrs. Neelton's face held something that
looked to Alana's dream-hazed eyes like
sorrow, or pity.

Brushing aside this brief disturbing im-
pact, Alana said hastily, "I'll get dressed
now, Mother."

When she came downstairs her father was standing by the window, drinking a late cup of coffee. "How can you listen to that doggone record all the time?" His voice, like his gray eyes, was brisk and penetrating.

Alana's eyes were gray, too, but softer, like the sky at dusk. She slid into her chair. "I—I just like it," she said vaguely. Nervously she started on her cornflakes and banana, foods her father belittled because they were not grown on his huge farm.

"Doggone if I think you really like anything but that music and those books you're always reading." He scratched his thinning brown hair. "Well, I'd better go see how that new tractor's doing." He slapped his wide-brimmed hat upon his head and stepped quickly out of the door.

Alana gave a long, relaxing sigh. "Golly—all that fuss about one little record." Idly she watched her mother's small hands placing roses in a milk-glass bowl.

"Alana, how would you like to go to boarding school next fall?"

The hands were still now. Alana's glance traveled up the short tanned arms to the gentle face with its deep crease between the eyes.

"You are by yourself too much, dear. This farm is so big and isolated—you haven't any friends your own age since the Bradford family moved to town three years ago."

Alana had missed the Bradford girls at first. There had been no one nearby to take their place. But why was her mother worrying about it now?

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully, locking her sandaled feet around the rungs of her chair. "Maybe I'd like it." Half fascinated by the thought of boarding school, she saw herself one of a group of happy, chattering girls. But even in her mind she was not one of them; she felt only lost and lonely and strange. "No," she said quickly, "I wouldn't like it."

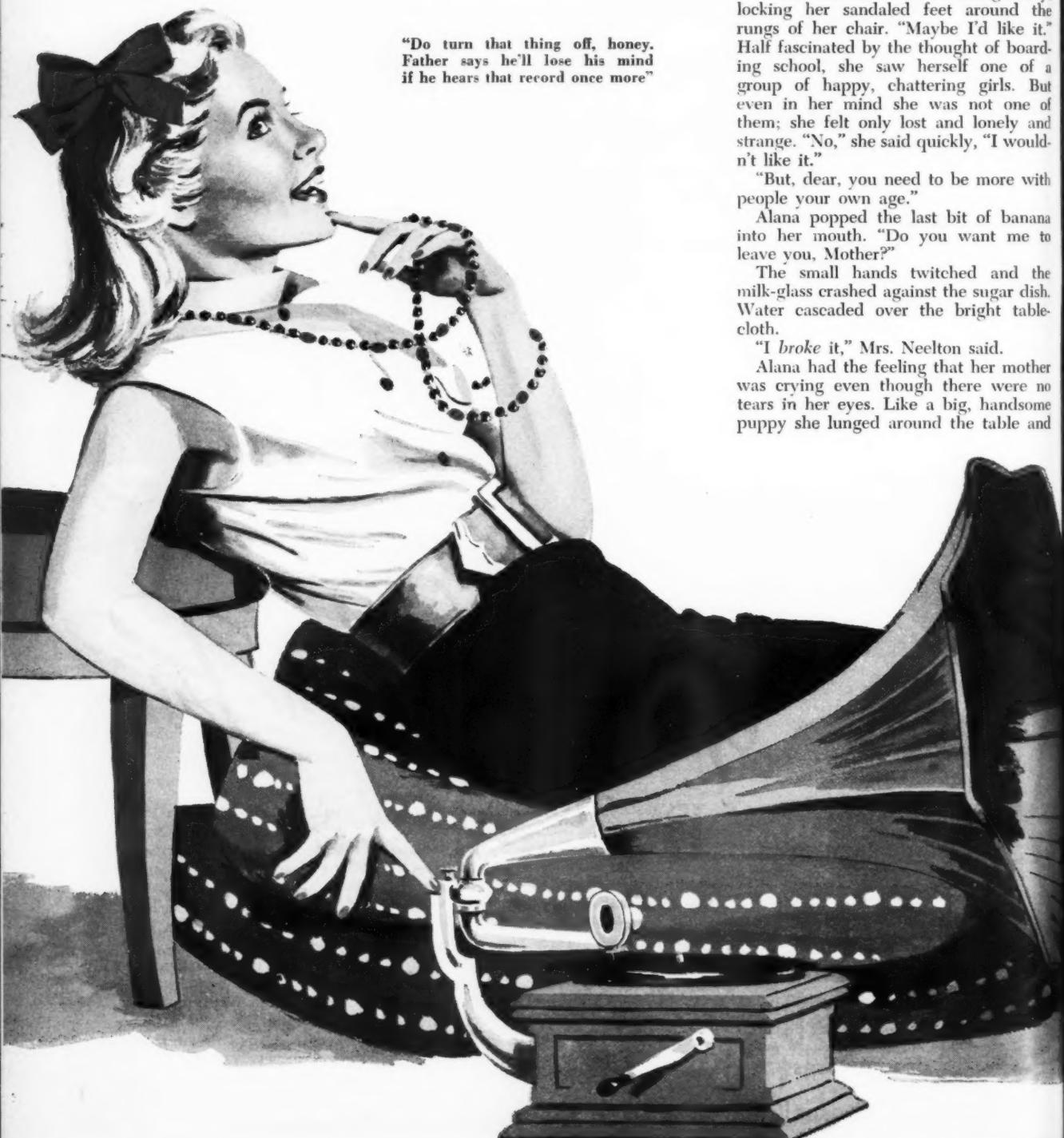
"But, dear, you need to be more with people your own age."

Alana popped the last bit of banana into her mouth. "Do you want me to leave you, Mother?"

The small hands twitched and the milk-glass crashed against the sugar dish. Water cascaded over the bright table-cloth.

"I broke it," Mrs. Neelton said.

Alana had the feeling that her mother was crying even though there were no tears in her eyes. Like a big, handsome puppy she lunged around the table and



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hugged her hard. "Gosh, it's all right, Mother. It's all right."

After a moment Mrs. Neelton seemed her normal, cheerful self. "Better run along now, honey."

Alana picked up her books, gave her mother a fleeting kiss, and dashed out the door. The warm breeze lifted her pale hair, fluttered the edge of her blue skirt. Walking quickly, she went through the orchard to the lane that led to the highway almost a mile away.

Starlight, her Shetland pony, came to the edge of the pasture fence. He was covered with cockleburs, and his name seemed incongruous now even to Alana. Her father called him Lardbucket, and he was, indeed, as fat as a bucket of lard. Since she had grown so tall, Alana rode the pony only when she was sure no one would see her. She would be sixteen next month, thank goodness. Then she could use the family car.

The land turned into the half mile of woodland that separated the fields from the highway. It was filled with bird sounds; and sunlight, pouring through the treetops, transformed the path into a strip of shivering, golden lace.

As she walked along, Alana thought of what her mother had said about the isolation of the farm and the lack of young people of Alana's own age. Life might be fascinating, she guessed, if only her father were something other than a farmer.

If she could choose, she believed she

would have him a foreign diplomat who lived in a palace in some mysterious foreign land. She had reached the highway and leaned back against a young pine to wait for the school bus. The woods and highway faded. Dressed in something low cut and crimson, she was standing under the crystal chandelier of a great ballroom. A frock-coated diplomat was bending over her hand.

"Hey, are you *deef?*" Gig Roberts' jeering laugh was taken up by the whole busload of students.

The hot blood rose to the roots of Alana's light hair as she climbed aboard the bus.

"Good morning, your majesty." Gig made her a clumsy, mocking bow. He was a rawboned, strapping boy, quarterback on the football team, and star pitcher on the baseball team. At one time he had shown a liking for Alana. But he was so sloppy! His hair looked as though it had been combed with an old sawblade, and his clothes reeked faintly of the stable.

Alana lacked the finesse that comes from experience, and Gig had soon discovered how she felt about him. He had been deeply insulted. Since then he had never missed the chance of a laugh at her expense.

As she made her way through the bus various students called, "Hi, Alana." Then they resumed the chatter her appearance had interrupted. She wouldn't mind Gig's persecution so much, Alana thought,

if only she belonged to one of the little close-knit groups. But she lived so far away from them all, she saw them only in school and never felt close to them.

She took a seat near the rear of the bus and, opening her history book, tried to absorb herself in her lesson. This made her seem less conspicuous than when she sat in lonely isolation, looking out the window and speaking to nobody. After a moment or two she actually became absorbed in the history and was only dimly aware that the bus had stopped again.

The girls were yelling, "Did you bring it to me, Stan?"

"Nope. I brought it to Alana." Stan Foster slid into the seat beside her and handed her a spray of camellias. There was eagerness in his black eyes and in the whole sturdy clean-cut look of him. Stan and his sister, Martha, had been attending Graylands Consolidated for only a couple of weeks. Their folks had bought the old Walker place.

"Thanks," Alana murmured into the surprised silence that filled the bus. Conscious of the sidelong glances, she buried her face in the gorgeous blooms to cover her embarrassment.

"Going to the barn dance tonight?" Stan asked.

"N-no, are you?" she quavered into the waiting silence.

"If you'll go with me."

She had never been to a barn dance. She had never been to anything except with her father and mother. The silence became louder; she could feel the attention of the whole busload of girls and boys focused upon her. Again she heard the jeering laugh that had swept the bus when she had boarded it. They thought she was queer! She knew they did! Why couldn't she be light and clever and at ease instead of always being so miserably self-conscious?

Stan was looking at her, waiting.

"No," she said harshly. "I can't go with you."

Her voice echoed, loud and unpleasant, in her ears. She would never forget the amazed look that came over Stan's face.

"Gig Roberts told me you were snooty," he said slowly at last. "But I didn't believe him. I had to find out for myself." He got up and went to the front of the bus where Martha was talking to Ed Leacock.

Snooty! He thought she was snooty! He didn't know how much she wanted to go to the barn dance. If only her heart hadn't started to beat so fast! If only she could be pleasant and friendly with boys as Stan's sister Martha was. She liked Martha, wished she knew her better.

All that day she heard practically nothing but barn dance. Boys and girls were busy bringing in pine boughs from the nearby woods and decorating the gym.

It was a relief when at long last the school bus deposited her at the edge of the woodland (Continued on page 50)

Illustrations by Stephanie



DAN!" YELLED Bill Holden from the city desk. "Come here a moment, please!"

Dan Casey unwound his long legs and ambled over from the sports department, grumbling under his breath words that Scoop McIntosh, his summer replacement, earning money for college next year, could not hear.

Five minutes later Dan was standing by her desk. "Good column you handed in this morning, kid," he complimented her, with the technique he always used when leading up to a tough assignment. "All clear for the rest of the day?"

"Well, I was going to swing around the clubs and check junior tournament dates."

"That can wait. I've a spot assignment—from the city desk."

Scoop's hazel eyes widened. "For—me?" she gasped. Being the cub on the staff, hired as the current junior champion primarily to write a tennis column, she had never expected a spot news assignment—especially after the boner which had earned her her nickname. On her first feature assignment after joining the staff, she had stumbled on a news flash and had added it to her story, scheduled for the next day, instead of phoning in a bulletin—scooping herself, as Bill had told her angrily, instead of the town.

"Sure, for you. Who'm I talking to?" Dan asked, drily. "Scram out to Chevy Chase and cover the Women's District Golf Finals. Louise Crosby upset the dope and is challenging Margaret Conrad. Since she's the Old Man's daughter, Louise's big moment has to be covered from the first hole to the last. Jerry's ill; the other fellows are busy, so it's up to you."

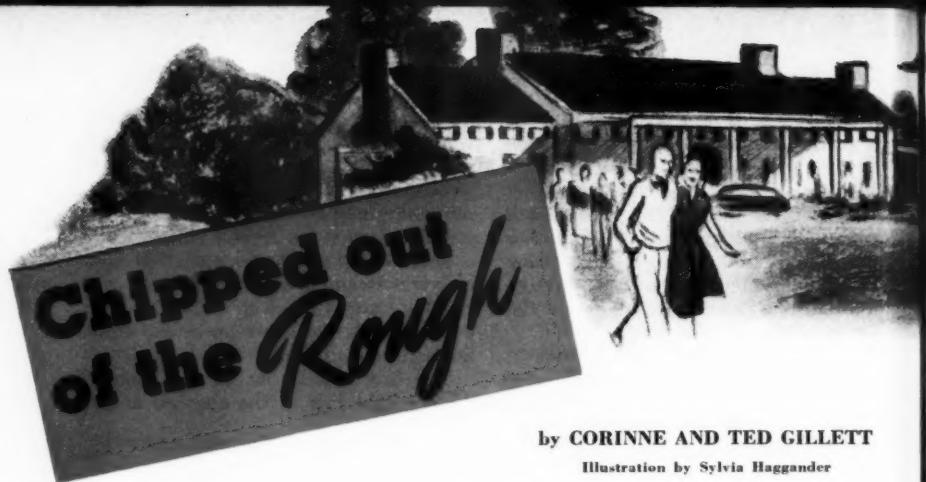
"But do I know enough about golf? You've taught me a lot this spring, but gee whiz!"

"Stop babbling and get going." He grinned. "All you have to do is count the strokes, chalk the winner of each hole, and give us that, with the final score. It's for today's late edition so you won't have space for details. Keep those for tomorrow's follow-up—with names of VIP's in the gallery and pix. The photographer's already out there so grab a cab. You'll just make it."

Scoop snatched her purse, pad, and pencil and got going. In the cab, she freshened her lipstick and ran a comb through her chestnut curls, thankful she had worn the new green cotton that turned her hazel eyes to jade. But that was about all she felt thankful for at the moment. She was literally terrified at the responsibility of covering a title event in a sport at which she herself was still a novice.

"I'm really in the rough!" she sighed with a small, conscious pride in newly acquired links' language. "There's only one way to play this one. If I can spot one of Dan's golfing pals in the gallery, it's a cinch; if I don't, I'll have to latch onto any likely prospect I can find to brief me."

As she paid the driver she saw the crowd gathered around the first tee and scurried across the lawn to join them. A hasty glance revealed no familiar face. Louise Crosby was teeing off. Her opponent's ball already lay well down the middle of the fairway. Scoop watched the drive, the two approach shots, then the putts—each for a par four—and



by CORINNE AND TED GILLETT

Illustration by Sylvia Haggander

scribbled in her notebook before looking around for a "likely prospect." She glanced backward quickly as her ear caught an unmistakable burr such as she had not heard since Grandfather McIntosh died. A tall, sandy-haired young man, clad in tweeds, was commenting with assurance on the merits of Miss Crosby's long approach shot.

That's my lad! thought Scoop, edging over beside him.

She took a deep breath and, as the crowd moved on, remarked casually, "She used an iron for that long shot. Wouldn't most women have preferred a wooden club?"

"Right, lassie." The sandy-haired one's smile was engaging. "This youngster has more power than I ever saw in a comer. Her first finals, I hear."

Scoop nodded and inquired politely, "Is this your first visit to Chevy Chase?"

Instead of answering he whispered, "Shhh—" as the defending champion swung her club. The ball, hit squarely, sailed high and clear of a trap to land just short of the green. Louise carefully placed her ball and her shot, straight and true, landed on the edge of the green of the par-three hole, rolled, and held on as the crowd gasped.

"She's got a birdie," said Scoop's companion, "if she can hold that downhill putt."

She held it, after Margaret Conrad had chipped to within inches of the cup for par.

Scoop let out her breath in a long-drawn "Whew!" and the tall young Scotsman smiled.

"A good show, eh?" He glanced curiously at the notebook in her hand. "Do you always keep score as you follow?"

"No-o. I—I am covering the match," Scoop confessed, blushing for no reason she could think of except that his blue eyes held a light of more than casual interest as they rested on her face. "I'm on assignment for the 'Star-Sentinel' and," she dimpled in a rush of boldness, "you are helping me. You seem to know quite a bit about golf."

"I play at it, now and then," he admitted as they joined the circling gallery. "I'm glad if I'm helpful, Miss Reporter."

"Indeed you are—you are my briefer," she confided, throwing herself entirely on his mercy. "You see, I'm filling in for our golf expert who is ill. So I might miss the finer points unless—"

"I see," he nodded, his blue eyes grave. "And I'm flattered you think I know the finer points, Miss—?" He paused significantly and Scoop told him her name.

By the time they reached the eighth hole (the champion one stroke in the lead)

Scoop had lost her self-consciousness and was chattering away gaily and exchanging opinions on the merits of shots. On the fifteenth fairway, she disagreed violently as to the iron Louise should use for a trap shot.

"Niblick," he decided judiciously.

"No, indeed," she shot back. "Mashie-niblick. Dan told me always—"

"And who might this Dan be?" he interrupted, a distinct edge to his tone.

"My sports editor—and one of the best golfers in town—that's all!"

"Oh, in that case, I'd not think of arguing the point," he murmured mildly.

There was something distinctly puzzling about him, an air of secret amusement, of mystery—intriguing, but discomfiting. Scoop realized he had not exchanged names with her, as courtesy would have dictated, when he asked for hers. She tried to withdraw. Attractive and helpful as he was, he was too clever about drawing her out while giving no information in return.

But withdrawing, she found, was not easy as the match reached an exciting climax, with the challenger still one down at the seventeenth green. Scoop found herself being hurried along by the nameless young man's firm hand on her elbow, so they could get close enough to see the all-important shots. When, standing behind her, he reached down and lifted her up so she could see Louise make a crucial putt, her heart thumped so hard that, in the tense silence, she felt sure that he could hear its loud drumming! Louise sent the ball straight to the cup where it hung for an agonizing moment, then dropped in. A cheer went up. Her second birdie! Now they were all even.

The young man lowered the flustered Scoop to the ground. "Let's go!" he said, and grasping her hand, fairly dragged her to a good vantage point for the final tee-offs. Then, once more hand-in-hand, they ran to take their position beyond the final green.

Absorbed in the last moments of play—Margaret Conrad's superb approach that gave her a sure par, and the slice that left Louise at a disadvantage—the baffling young man seemed to forget Scoop entirely, and she seized the opportunity to withdraw to the clubhouse terrace. For time was short. She would have to race for the phone the minute the last putt was sunk or she would miss her deadline. She might not even have time to find out who presented the trophy. But she could include that in her follow-up.

As Louise addressed her ball, lying three short of the green (with Margaret's a foot

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Reporter Scoop gets help from the gallery

The young man lowered the flustered Scoop to the ground

from the cup for a par five) Scoop held her breath. The best Louise can hope for, she thought, is to halve this hole and tie up the match. Then, I'll be in a fix—I've just got to have the final score. Louise, selecting a five iron, struck the ball squarely and Scoop stopped breathing, for it landed six feet from the hole, the backspin took effect and it rolled on easily, then hit the back of the cup with a crisp *ting* and dropped from sight. Another—an unbelievable—birdie! Louise had won her first title!

Scoop started for the telephone, but stopped, frozen, as she saw her sandy-haired young friend stride forward to congratulate Louise while the loudspeaker blared: "We have the unexpected honor today of having one of the world's greatest golfers with us—Sandy Adair, champion of Scotland, who will present—"

Scoop, crimson with embarrassment, waited for no more. Humiliation battled inner excitement as she dialed her number and dictated her story. What a stupe she had been not to recognize Sandy Adair!

Later, while collecting the names for her follow-up, she was smitten by the full realization of her stupidity. She had actually argued with Sandy Adair on how to play a shot! He must have been laughing at her all the time. Anger rose above humiliation.

"The—the conceited drip!" she said between clenched teeth as she slipped out a side door and hurried toward the bus stop. "I simply couldn't face him again." She peered anxiously down the highway. Oh, why didn't that bus come? She *had* to get away before the crowd broke up, and they were clapping now. The ceremony was over.

"Fore!" A voice startled her from behind the hedge bordering the club grounds. "Coming through!"

"You—oh, you—" she choked, as Sandy Adair leaped lightly over.

"Please, lass, don't run away," he began, but she cut him short.

"You've been laughing at me," she accused, anger flashing in her eyes.

"No, not really," he protested, his eyes serious with concern. "I've not been laughing at you." Then his face broke into a grin and he chuckled. "Only with you, lass. It was a grand good game, wasn't it?" He took her arm. "Please don't be angry. I want to be friends. Won't you let me come through and drive you home?"

She felt her anger fading and with it her humiliation. She laughed straight into his twinkling eyes. "You chipped me out of the rough. Why not drive me home?" **THE END**

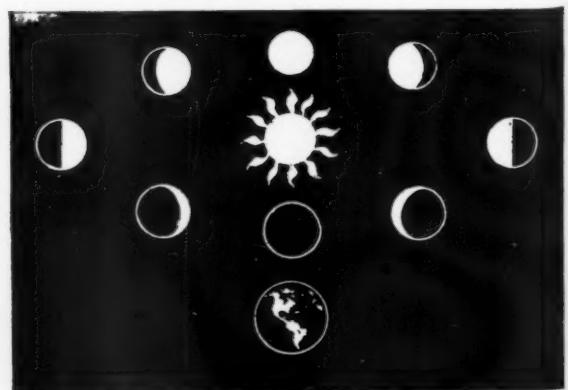
BIG SHOW IN

Presenting the August performance in the

THERE IS a big show in the sky waiting to be enjoyed when the earth whirls us away from the glare of the sun at the end of every day. The performers are always out there in their places, but they are hidden until nightfall by a curtain of bright light. When that curtain is removed and darkness is all around us, we can see our actors, the stars, in large and small groups called constellations.

These constellations provide us with a huge, year-long celestial newsreel. Every day our earth travels a short distance eastward in a path through the constellations. Its progress slides the star patterns one twelfth of the sky westward in a month. Between us and this slowly changing backdrop move the planets, the moon, the meteors, and comets. They are the actors that give variety to the show as one year melts into the next.

August is always an exciting month in the sky, but in 1952 it offers us more guest artists than usual. It is possible this month to find above us the five planets visible to the naked eye: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. (Our own Earth, of course, we see under our feet, not shining overhead.) We can learn to find Uranus if we have exceptional eyesight. But to see Neptune and Pluto, the remaining two of the nine planets that revolve



IN THE SKY

in the theater of the heavens

by URANA CLARKE

Illustration by Michael Chanwick

around our sun, we must use instruments. Neptune must be found with a telescope and Pluto usually with a telescope and a camera. August always presents us with a famous meteor shower, the Perseids, but no one knows ahead of time how brilliant it will be. Meteors are the ad-libbers of the sky and quite unpredictable. Now that we've seen the highlights of the program for the month, let's take a closer look at each individual act.

Meteors are bits of metal or stone that seem to be everywhere in our universe. There are so many that at least a million of them enter the atmosphere of the earth every hour. Most of the million are no more than pinpoint-sized dust particles, but their great speed would drive them through our bodies and make life as impossible here as it is on the moon if it were not for this one fact: The earth has a marvelous bullet-proof vest, called atmosphere or air, several hundred miles thick. It is made of gases and therefore invisible, but at sea level it presses against every square inch of us with a weight of almost fifteen pounds. We breathe the oxygen that is a part of the atmosphere. It is less healthy for meteors than for humans, however. Meteors have spent their lives dashing through the vacuum of the universe with complete freedom. When they plunge into the dense

gases of our atmosphere they are brought to a sudden stop. We can see the flash of light from the friction that is set up as they stop—friction so great that most meteors are burned completely before they are within forty miles of our heads.

Pieces of meteoric material are like people in that some of them move through the sky alone, some in crowds. The earth whirls into one of the largest of these clusters in August, so we will see many splendid meteor showers.

This large cluster fills so much of the sky that the earth does not move out of it for twenty-five days. We are near its center on the eleventh and twelfth of August, and in an active year we can count as many as fifty flashes an hour if we have a clear sky and can watch from a good place, free from trees, buildings, and light. Remember that each flash you see is the fiery end of a bit of cosmic dust, burned up by the friction of its meeting with the atmosphere of the earth.

Once in a long, long time a piece of meteoric material larger than the head of a pin comes our way. It is burned by friction as the tiny ones are, but there is enough of it left to explode when it comes close to the earth, where the air is heaviest. We can see the burst of such a fireball if we are looking in its direction after dark. It is called a bolide.

Even less often a larger piece holds together until it actually strikes the earth, digging a great crater in the ground and flattening and burning trees for as great a distance as twenty-five miles. The largest one that anyone ever saw as it fell flashed toward Furnas County, Nebraska, on February 18, 1948. It is made of stone and weighs about a ton. These big pieces that actually hit us are called meteorites.

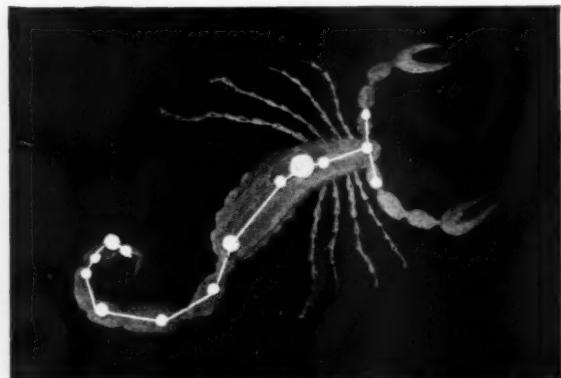
Astronomers need the help of anyone with common sense in keeping track of meteoric activity. Two pieces of information are always important: accurate direction of the meteor and accurate time. Give your information to the observatory nearest you or to your local newspaper.

Because it is a rare occurrence the explosion of a bolide is extremely important. Some of them scatter pieces of badly charred stone or iron under the spots where they blow up. If you are near and find a fragment immediately, it will be warm, as a stone from a campfire would be. If you find one even within a few days it will still be crusted with soot unless there has been exceptionally bad weather. It would be nice to think that it might contain plutonium or some other rare metal, but it is usually valueless, except from the point of view of science.

The planets are all dressed up for their parts in our August show. Planets are dependent bodies that receive light, heat, and energy from the sun. They shine because they reflect sunshine, not because they glow with their own energy as stars do. Even the planet Mercury can be seen for a few days this month. Early risers may have a short glimpse of him the end of August if they look near the southeastern horizon half an hour before sunrise on the 28, 29, or (Continued on page 48)

Far left: This drawing shows the phases Venus passes through in her swing around the sun. We cannot see her when she is directly between us and the sun for then she shows us her dark side. Nor is she visible when she is on the opposite side of the sun from Earth. Venus is most brilliant during crescent phases and very easy to find before sunrise or after sunset

Left: The largest dot in this diagram of the constellation Scorpions represents the mighty star, Antares, one of the largest known stars. Its diameter is about 390 times that of our own sun! Antares is a beautiful object in southern skies during this month, rivaling Mars in brightness and color





JILL FELT that it was bad enough to be two years younger than her confident brother, Howie, who seemed to have all the fun. But when Howie announced one August morning that he had in mind a nifty family project, and then refused to let her help him, it was more than she could bear. She turned as red as a toaster trying to convince him that she should share in the undertaking.

"How can a fireplace in the back yard be a family project if you won't let me help?" Jill protested.

"You," said Howie Miller firmly, "are elected to cook on it when it's done. You'll be able to broil, and bake, fry, simmer, and steam. How could you possibly contribute more in the way of help?"

"I could mix cement," said Jill flatly.

"How indelicate!" scoffed Howie. "Mixing up great recipes of sand, cement, and water, when you could be gently stirring up some of your best and blackest devil's-food cake." His lip curved in a reminiscent smack, his brown eyes tender at the thought.

"I am tired of being known merely as a good cook," said Jill. "Especially to all your friends and their friends. If you want any meals on your fireplace, you'll either have to let me help build it or cook on it yourself."

Howie stared at Jill. The independence of her! It was getting harder every day to maintain the authority of an older brother.

"There is one exception," Jill went on. "Anytime you want to bring Dave Woolcott over for a picnic supper, I'll cook all your favorite food."

"Dave Woolcott!" Howie shook his head at his sister, who was blond, and small, and looked as if she belonged in someone's china collection. "You're not the type."

Jill almost choked as she swallowed. Dave Woolcott was a star on the high school football team, and she admired him from afar. Very afar. She was afraid to speak to him, and she was sure he had never noticed her.

"If you ever want any boy like Dave Woolcott to look twice at you, Jill," Howie advised, "you'll have to get over looking as if you still played with dolls

High-Wire Act

by LEE KINGMAN

Illustration by William Timmins

Cement or devil's food? What counts is the spirit with which a girl mixes it

and were afraid of the dark. You'll have to grow up."

Jill used to laugh when Howie told her to grow up. That was in the days when she had thought that when she was bigger and in high school she would stop being frightened by all sorts of things. But she was in high school now, and even though she had outgrown a lot of clothes, she hadn't outgrown a lot of fears.

Jill sighed. She dreamed of boys like Dave Woolcott, but she would probably have to settle for one like Roger Burford, whose glasses hopped up and down on his thin nose when he talked.

At the breakfast table, Howie asked Dad for the old station wagon, so he could drive out to Uncle Harv's to get stone for the fireplace.

"Do be careful, Howie," Mrs. Miller cautioned anxiously. "Harvey has such crazy rigs around there, and those quarry walls are so steep."

"And the water in the bottom is very deep," Mr. Miller added. "Well, use your discretion, son."

"I am off," announced Howie, rising with a last piece of toast still in his hand.

"I am with you," said Jill.

Howie could see that she was in earnest, but he could hardly imagine her lifting more than a pebble. "A big help you'll be."

"I have a fine sense of discretion," Jill reminded him, "and you said this was a family project. Let's go."

The station wagon rounded trim suburban corners and wooded back roads. It was a year or so since Jill had been

out to see her uncle, and she had forgotten how lonely and isolated the place was. Uncle Harvey in one of his impulsive moments had bought an abandoned quarry. "Someone may want lots of stone sometime," he told the family. "In the meantime, I shall build a stone house and raise ducks or vegetables or beagle hounds or something."

Jill wondered which it was this year. Uncle Harv had built his stone cottage in the woods. He had tried ducks, but he said it took too long to pluck them. The next year it was beagle hounds that had raised echoes around the quarry walls until it sounded as if three times as many dogs were barking. Uncle Harv said his ears hadn't stopped ringing yet.

When Howie stopped the station wagon in the dry, dusty roadway near the stone cottage, Uncle Harv was neither in sight nor in shouting distance.

"I was going to ask Uncle Harv which stones he would most like to have removed," Howie said, "but I guess any will do."

"He must have been raising rocks this year." Jill looked at the heaps, piles, and hills of stones. "How can anyone live here—especially near that pit?"

Ahead of them was the quarry. In some places the walls were sheer, slippery, slanting stone that rose thirty or fifty feet above water. Jill shuddered. She had such fear of high places—with all that empty space around—that she used to pray school fire drills would come while she was on the first floor. Coming down the fire escape from the third floor made her sick and dizzy, and she was

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always afraid someone would notice how frantically she clung to the railing.

Now, just looking up at the cliffs was bad enough. How hot it was, too! Not a breeze shivered the shrubs and trees. The roadway glared, white with dust. The rocks and the water seemed to be bouncing the sunlight back and forth between them until Jill's eyes danced.

"Howie," she suggested, "let's pick up and go home. This place is—awful."

"Just as I thought." Howie regarded her coldly. "You should have stuck to your cooking!"

Ignoring Jill, he backed the station wagon as near he could and began lifting and lugger stones.

Jill, bending over to pick up a rock, silently admired her brother's strength. It was rugged work.

"If you must do something, you can gather chips," Howie told her. "They always come in handy."

So Jill scooped up chips and Howie hauled stones until pretty soon the back of the station wagon looked like a rock garden, minus the garden.

"Isn't that enough?" Jill demanded at last, rubbing her aching back.

"I hope," Howie was dripping with sweat. "How about a swim to cool off?"

"In the quarry?" Jill tried not to let her voice give away her horror at the idea.

"Why not?" Howie asked. "It's probably as warm as a bathtub." He shucked off his dungarees and hitched up the swimming trunks he had worn underneath. "Are you going to sit in the wagon or come over to the swimming place?"

The bright sun was dazzling, and Jill remembered that the spot where Uncle Harv and the boys climbed down to

Her arms felt like cotton, but at last her head peered over the cliff

swim was shady. "I'll come over with you," she said.

When they reached the giant rock steps down to the water, instead of jumping down as Howie would have done, she sat and edged her way down.

"Be careful you don't dive into a rock," she called to Howie, poised on the edge above her.

"Take a look, Nearsighted," Howie shouted back. "There's nothing but water below you for a hundred feet at least. This is the deepest part of the whole pit."

He sprang and flashed into the gray-green depths. Jill sat, tense, until she caught the gleam of his arms and his head broke the surface. If anything happened to Howie in such deep water, it would be hopeless!

"Stick your toes in," Howie yelled, and the echo picked it up. "Sti-ick your-or toe-oes in-nn."

"What a place to yodel!" Howie hauled himself out, his body sparkling with drops of water. He had learned to yodel when he was a Swiss herder in an eighth-grade play. So now he sat and yodeled until the vibration of voice and rock hurt the ears. Then (Continued on page 71)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY KRAMER

Susie Goes to Market

by JOAN PORTER

The fascinating story of how the



HOW WOULD YOU like to go into the market with me?" our Fashion Editor asked.

Susie looked bewildered.

"No, not to buy a fat pig or a bushel of beans," our Fashion Editor laughed. "A fashion editor never says she's going shopping for clothes; she always says, 'I'm going into the market.'"

And the market means only one thing: that group of top manufacturing houses which make the clothes you often buy as well as those you see featured frequently in the fashion pages of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Before you read another word, think for a minute about the last dress you bought. Why did you buy it? Because you liked the color, the cut, the fabric? Because you thought the price was right? Whatever the reason, the fact remains—you bought the dress. It seemed exactly right for you, but how did it get that way? In short, how was it made?

These are some of the questions asked by the members of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* Fashion-Editorial Board. This board, composed of Girl Scouts from troops in the vicinity of New York City, meets once a month at the offices of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to preview the fashions chosen to appear in the magazine. To find the answers blond, blue-eyed Susie Fenellosa, acting as a representative of the board, toured the young-fashion market.

This is the story of her trip written especially for you. So come along with fourteen-year-old Susie as she meets the cutters, the markers, the designers, the manufacturers who know more about your wardrobe needs and your general figure type than you know yourself. A few high spots of the tour are pictured for you on these pages. (Susie had the fun of modeling several dresses when she posed for these shots.) But for the complete story on how a dress is born, read on.

Susie's cab inched its way across town through Manhattan traffic and turned into Broadway at Thirty-fifth Street. Here

Susie caught her first glimpse of the young-fashion market which sprawls roughly from Thirty-fourth Street to Thirty-ninth Street, between Broadway and Eighth Avenue. A moment later she was walking up Broadway—not the romantic light-laden street of theater fame, but a bustling business thoroughfare presenting its slightly grimy workaday face to the world.

Trucks lined the curbs. Men loaded and unloaded cartons that might contain a gross of belts or a dozen filmy blouses. Salesmen with sample cases dodged traffic as they hurried from one appointment to another. Stock boys pushed wheeled racks loaded with jumpers of jewel-toned velveteens, nubby-textured winter coats in shades of gray and green and blue. Yes, winter coats, for the market works months ahead of the seasons, and you'll find winter wear under the summer sun, bathing suits in March. All along the street Susie saw wholesale store windows that glittered with sequins, buttons, braids, feathers, and artificial flowers. From the windows above came the sounds of the machines that cut and sew and press.

In this close-packed area teen-age clothes are dreamed of, designed, fretted over, sewn together. Buyers from chain stores, specialty shops, department stores flock from all cor-

ners of the country to scan "the line"—garment-center language for the manufacturers' collections of styles for the season. Fashion editors go in and out, searching for the best buys, the smartest lines, the newest fabrics to feature in their magazines.

This is the market, as Susie saw it—where there is a little madness, a lot of glamour, competition at its keenest, and constant tension. Will the brown-striped suit be a "hot number"? (Will it sell well?) Or will it be a "dog"? (Sell poorly?) Nobody knows for certain until the sales reports are in. This is the market—where skill and imagination flourish; where men and women put in long hours of hard work creating wardrobes to please the eye, flatter the figure, and wear well.

"But what's the first step in manufacturing a dress?" Susie wanted to know. "Where does it all begin?"

Quite simply it begins with an idea in the mind of a designer. Because each designer has little individual ways of working, Susie visited three to get a rounded picture. Her first stop was the workroom of Miss Inge Wieland, a pretty red-haired young woman who, though not far from being a teen-ager herself, is nevertheless an outstanding designer of young people's fashions.

"Where do I get my ideas?" Miss Wieland said. "Well, from many different sources. Sometimes a stunning new fabric will give me an inspiration." She unrolled several yards of handsome, striped material from a bolt on the shelf behind her.

"In the trade we call dress material 'goods.'" Miss Wieland draped the fabric on a form which Susie decided was quite similar to the dress forms used in home dressmaking. The designer's swift fingers made a few tucks here, a pleat there, until, under Susie's eyes, a dress began to take shape. A minute later Miss Wieland undid her work and began again, draping and tucking and pinching the goods in an entirely different way. "You see how working directly with the goods can start off a whole flock of ideas," Miss Wieland said, "but it's only one way to work."

Some designers, Susie learned, base designs on such varied things as a Degas painting, a piece of Egyptian sculpture in an art museum, the costumes of a Broadway show. (Remember the Siamese influence that came hot on the heels of the premiere of "The King and I"?). International affairs, national patriotism, Parisian modes, fads in sports or hygiene or entertainment—sooner or later they all show up in the fashion field. The original idea is modified, added to, put through experiment after experiment until the designer feels that "this is it."

Another designer Susie called on, Miss Yetta Waisman, gets some of her most striking effects by concentrating on artful detail. Known for the unusual (Continued on page 54)

For upper left: Step one in the story of a dress. This designer's skillful fingers pleat, fold, and pin the fabric on the form as she works out a design, and Susie sees a dress begin to take shape

Upper left: This is the sample room. Here Susie looks on as Mary, an experienced "sample hand," sews a sample dress. A finished sample dress, shown on the model, is ready for the pattern maker

Upper right: The man shown at left in this picture is in charge of making the "marker" which is a sort of master cutting guide drawn from the pieces of the original pattern on large sheets of paper

Lower left: Susie watches a cutter (left) work with his electric machine. The manufacturer (right) explains that the cutting machine can cut through many many layers of material at one time

Lower right: Last stop, the showroom, glamour spot of the market. Just as buyers and fashion editors do, Susie has an opportunity to see the "line," a manufacturer's collection of the season's styles

the clothes you wear are designed and manufactured





Man Works

First Poetry Award

*With an old brown hat on the back of his head
To keep the sun from his neck; he digs
 Thunk—Thunk—Thunk.
With muscles lash'd into resolute ropes
In a wearied, mechanical motion; he digs
 Thunk—Thunk—Thunk.
With a body bent in homage to the
 goddess Bread,
With a hard, impersonal tool; he digs
 Thunk—Thunk—Thunk.
These three substantiate his world—
 The pit, the pick, and the piece of
 bread.*

ANNETTE BASALYGA (age 15)
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Exercise Long Horn

First Nonfiction Award

My town of Lampasas has for the last few weeks been the center of the largest army maneuver ever to be held in the United States. Its name is Exercise Long Horn.

Thursday Lampasas was taken over by the "Centralist" Party. The day before, the aggressors had put up signs telling of all their rules and regulations. (These things are only to show people what would happen if we had a foreign military government.)

First on the day's activities was the capture of members of the Chamber of Commerce and their wives. They were taken to the concentration camp on the football field where they were rudely searched and their children taken away.

Second was the capture of the school. We were all in assembly listening to a speech on

Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 76 for details



FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

EILEEN LARSON (age 13) Harris, Minnesota

know. Fact is, she was so full of living and finding beauty. I reckon she'll feel right at home up there seein' those things she used to tell all of us about—even though we went to church almost as regular as she did. I declare, I must have got a speck of dust in my eye—you don't have a handkerchief, do you, Minna?"

JOHNNY CHANDLER (age 15) Kent, Texas

Someday

First Poetry Award

*Someday I'd like to wander barefoot
 down some
 Dusty winding road, laced with scarlet
 trees
 On either side.*

*And see the farmer's fields of new-plowed,
 rich*

*Red earth, upturned and naked, gleaming
 dully*

*In the sun.
And see the shadows of the trees, shivering
 on*

*The surface of the lakes which stud the
 land.*

*And see the wheat fields swaying, just a
 little,
 Like a concentrated square of dancing
 sunlight.*

*Then swing my footsteps into the dark,
 quiet*

*Forest, to throw myself on the yielding
 grass*

*And dream.
And be able to smell the cool, sweet smell
 of a*

*Brook, laughing its liquid laugh, as it
 Stumbles over its path.*

*Someday I'd like to do this, and forget
 about*

*Time for a while, and just wander and
 dream.*

ROBIN VAN LOBEN SELS (age 14)

El Monte, California

(Continued on page 73)

FIRST ART AWARD:

PEGGY ANN WRIGHT (age 14) Morgantown, West Virginia



Cut a Fine Figure

How to lose weight the sane, sensible way

by FAY ALCOTT

Drawing by Clare McCanna

OH DEAR! here it was only yesterday you were slender as a spring reed, maybe even being called "skinny" by unfeeling friends and commented upon by unkind, elderly relatives as being as "spindly as a June shad." Yet today you are bulging out all over the place. Waistbands won't fit; you hate yourself in shorts. Where have those string beans you used to call arms disappeared to? Gone with the arrival of the teens. Of course, it doesn't happen to everybody. Lots of girls go right through into the twenties without adding unwanted pounds. But a great many don't, and if you are among the latter, you have a problem of subtraction and addition.

"But why do I gain all this weight?" you ask. Well, one reason is that right now this body of yours is growing at what seems to be an astounding rate. So your appetite is growing, too. All these lengthening bones, these extending muscles, veins, nerves—everything from tip to toe requires more nourishment, more fuel, to stoke the expanding mechanism and supply material for its building.

And so you eat too much, too often. Your body uses what it needs, and the excess turns into fat. If you overeat at any age, you will gain weight. But, during your adolescent years you may gain because of another factor: the changes which go on in your glandular system as your body matures.

If you have studied biology in school you have learned that the glandular system is the mysterious heart of the machinery which controls all our physical life. (Many scientists believe it influences our mental and emotional life in great measure, too.) There are still a great many things about glands not yet completely

understood, but one thing is most evident: when one part of your glandular system is out of balance, the process of turning food into flesh and bones is affected, and you may become either too thin or too fat. This process of turning food into body tissue is called metabolism. It can be accurately measured in terms of metabolic rate which means how fast or how slow the transition from food to body tissue occurs. During your teens your glands are working overtime, so a temporary imbalance may occur. If, therefore, you find yourself getting not only far too overweight for appearance's sake but for comfort, too, a trip to your doctor should be the first order of business. He will prescribe the proper remedies to see you through this temporary crisis.

But a word of warning: never, never take any sort of medication for excess fat without a doctor's orders! You can do yourself and your body serious damage by taking seemingly harmless "reducing" pills.

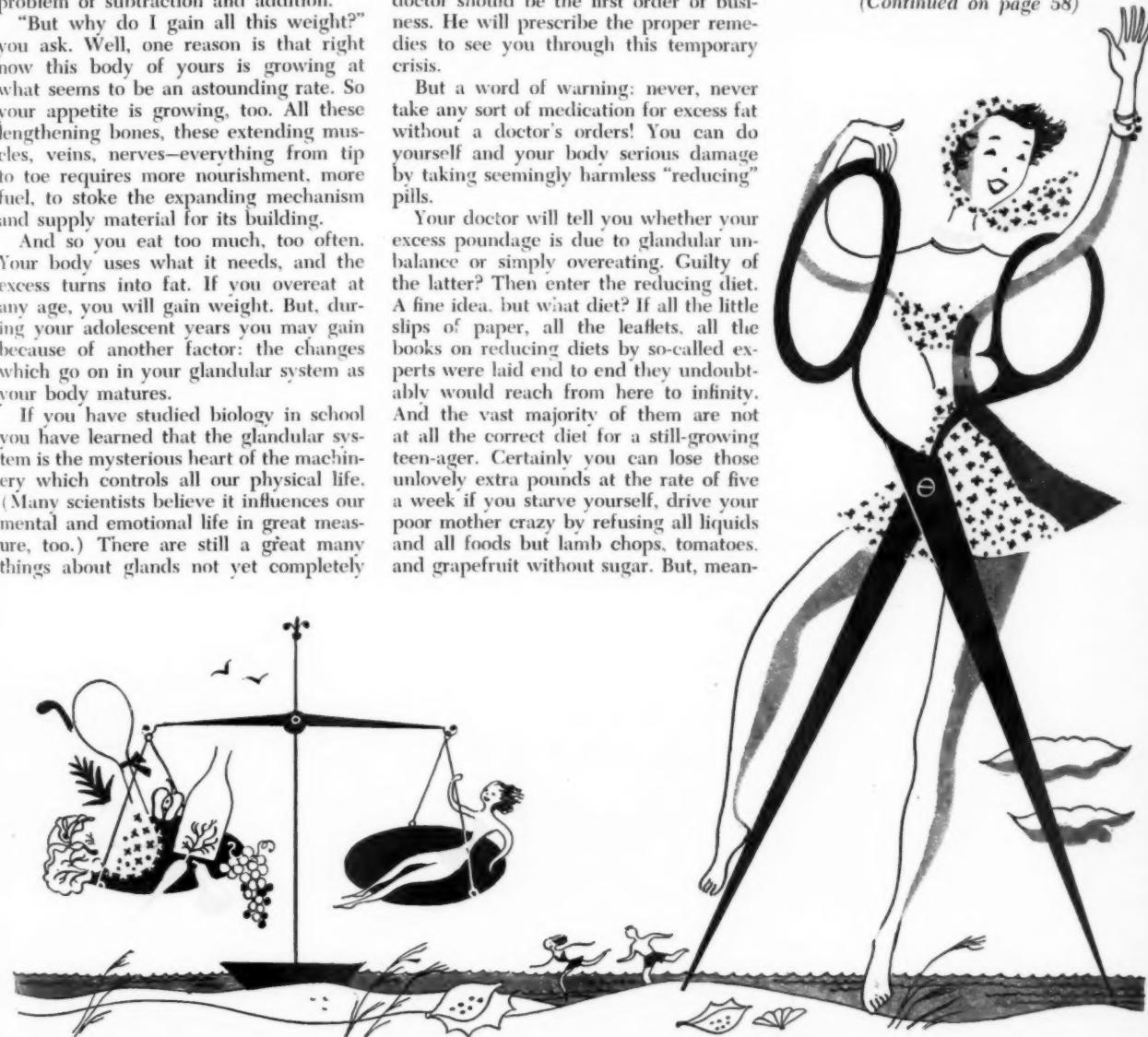
Your doctor will tell you whether your excess poundage is due to glandular unbalance or simply overeating. Guilty of the latter? Then enter the reducing diet. A fine idea, but what diet? If all the little slips of paper, all the leaflets, all the books on reducing diets by so-called experts were laid end to end they undoubtably would reach from here to infinity. And the vast majority of them are not at all the correct diet for a still-growing teen-ager. Certainly you can lose those unlovely extra pounds at the rate of five a week if you starve yourself, drive your poor mother crazy by refusing all liquids and all foods but lamb chops, tomatoes, and grapefruit without sugar. But, mean-

while you'll be a nervous wreck, too. And even if you manage to stick to this sort of diet for two weeks, you'll put the weight right on again once you go back to eating regular meals.

All the sound experts on diet agree that the only safe one for a healthy person who wants to stay healthy contains at least one item daily from the following list of seven classifications:

1. Lean meat, fish, or poultry.
2. Citrus fruits.
3. Leafy, green, and yellow vegetables.
4. Root vegetables and other fruits besides citrus type.
5. Whole-grain cereals and breads.

(Continued on page 58)



SYNTHETIC FABRICS

QUALITIES

FABRIC

CARE

RAYON  (Ray-on)
Versatile is the word for rayon. No other textile fiber makes such varied types of cloth: Sheer, rough, heavy, at a cost that's easy on your budget. Takes dyes wonderfully, possesses a unique creping quality and is an all-around sturdy, dependable fabric.

NOTE: All fabrics listed here are washable. Findings in garments you buy may not be. Always read the hang tag for advice on care of the whole garment. Wash rayon in warm water, gentle suds; press with warm iron on wrong side. Or dry clean.

DACRON  (Day-kron)
A newcomer growing more popular every day which has outstanding wrinkle and stretch resistance, wet or dry. Pleats stay put even after washing! Fast-drying and strong. The moths won't nibble at this one.

Fabric washes well, so give it the warm water, suds, and squeeze treatment. Needs little or no ironing. Set the iron temperature at "rayon" if you want to do some smoothing.

Combined with silk, wool, and cotton or used alone. Among many fabrics made with rayon fiber are velvets, twills, velvets, jerseys, crepes, satins.

ORLON  (Or-lawn)
Great bulking power—warmth with light weight—is orlon's star characteristic. Resistance to deterioration by sunlight, soot, smoke make it a real outdoor fabric. No sagging, stretching, or shrinking to worry about; pleats stay in place. Moths and insects have no appetite for orlon.

You'll see more and more dacron suits, coats, dresses, lingerie, blouses, home furnishings; sewing thread and knitting yarns of dacron fiber are extra strong and stretch-resistant.

Effective when used alone, dacron also blends beautifully with wool, rayon, nylon, cotton.

Hang tags will usually tell you whether your garment is made of orlon alone or combined with wool, rayon, cotton, or nylon. All are popular.

A washable fabric. Give it an easy sudsing in warm water; it will dry quickly (bulkier fabrics take longer) be ready to wear with minimum of ironing (moderate temperature) or none at all.

Today in many stores you'll find orlon women's wear aplenty—fleece coats, foundation garments, sweaters, dresses. Coming soon: suits and overcoats for the men in your family; hand-knitting yarn.

NYLON  (Nic-lon)
The old reliable, nylon, is still tops in durability; takes wear and tear like a trooper. Nylon fabric, except those with special dyes, are flame-resistant, non-irritating to the skin. Moths shun it, and mildew, dew, mold, and perspiration will not weaken it, resists moths.

The popular all-nylon wearables look as luxurious as ever, but nylon combines beautifully with wool and rayon, too.

Wash by hand with normal care in plenty of soap or detergent suds and warm water; or tie garments in a pillow case and wash in machine. Rinse well, hang carefully, and chances are you won't need to iron. Bleach or blue nylon if you want to.

In ready-to-wear: Used widely in hosiery, tricot-knitted lingerie and blouses, woven lingerie, dresses, sweaters, home furnishings. If you sew: nylon thread and findings for your home-sewing projects are now available.

ACETATE  (Acet-late)
"Beauty above all" is what makes an acetate fabric so welcome in your wardrobe. Takes brilliant sharp colors, has superior draping qualities, and feels so soft! Sheds wrinkles quickly, dries fast, resists moths.

A real leader in the lingerie field, acetate appears also in many types of apparel such as blouses, dresses, playclothes.

Remember, check the hang tag for washability of garment. Use mild suds, warm water, gentle treatment. Press with warm iron—on wrong side while slightly damp. Dry cleans perfectly.

Used alone or blended with wool, rayon, cotton, and nylon. Acetate-nylon is probably the combination most familiar to you.

DYNEL  (Die-nell)
Warm and strong, yet light and fluffy—that's dynel. More virtues are its resistance to shrinkage, fire, acids, stains, moths, and mildew. Retains pleats and creases; is unaffected by bleaches, strong soaps, or detergents.

Wonderful, warm-but-light fleece/acetate; tricot-knit jerseys, suits, dresses, blouses; high-pile for clothes are some of dynel's chief uses.

Cotton, rayon, nylon, wool are frequently blended with dynel, but you'll find all-dyne! ready-to-wear, too.

Here is your fact sheet on the synthetic wonder fabrics—a ready reference to have on hand when you shop for them, care for them

Formula for fashion! A completely washable, permanently pleated, plaid skirt of Lorette—Deering Milliken's blend of orlon and wool—plus a lined flannel jacket with matching trim—equal a neatly tailored suit by Derby that is perfect for schoolroom and social activities. Available in sizes 10-16 teen, about \$24, at the stores listed on page 77



PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH M. BAXTER

SWEATER BY PANDORA

NECKLACE BY BEN BERNHMAN



Concentrate on Classics



Girl Town's permanently pleated classic skirt of Deering Milliken's Lorette, a blend of orlon and wool available in men's-wear brown or men's-wear gray, about \$9. Top it off with a short-sleeve novelty nylon sweater by Grand Knitting. Small Peter Pan collar is trimmed with Angora. About \$4, it comes in white, pink, maize, blue, and red

This unpressed pleated skirt in all-wool, yarn-dyed flannel has a wide belt of contrasting corduroy. It combines with a matching weskit which fastens with pearl buttons. The mandarin collar is also of corduroy. Both by Derby, they are available in banker's gray with gold, banker's navy with roseberry. The skirt is about \$8; weskit about \$5

Here are a group of basic TWIXTEEN classics designed especially for the life you lead—in school and after. They're sure to rate an "A" for study, sports, and social activities.

All are available in sizes 8-14 subteen, except sweater (10-14), at the stores listed on page 77



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM BENEDICT
JEWELRY BY BEN BERCHMAN
GLOVES BY WEAR RIGHT
SLOUSE BY CHICKY
HAT BY CAPULETS
UMBRELLA BY D. KLEIN

For rain or shine, a pea jacket of 100 per cent reprocessed wool by Seneca. It's double-breasted, and each button bears an anchor insignia. The two breast pockets are slashed; the two at the hips have flaps. Lining of the sleeves is quilted for extra protection against the cold. About \$15, it comes in navy only, with a smart, eye-catching red corduroy lining

Yarn-dyed, woven-cotton raincoat of Exeter Ruggedoon by Sunreign has a corduroy collar. Sleeves have adjustable cuffs. Two big patch pockets and two corduroy change pockets are new features. A removable back belt is attached to the coat. Matching snooper hat has turnback ear flaps. Navy plaid with gold trim, green plaid with green trim, about \$13

Studies in Synthetics



Dell Tween uses "Wonderlon," an acetate and orlon blend, for this stand-away skirt with novel waistband darts. The short-sleeved jersey blouse of 15 per cent wool and 85 per cent orlon has self-looping around the small Peter Pan collar and yoke. About \$8 each. Sizes 8-14 subteen, both in blue and taupe

Fairway's gob skirt of 55 per cent orlon and 45 per cent wool has permanent pleats. About \$13, 10-16 teen, in gray with rust, red, and blue. Sally Mason's orlon-and-nylon striped blouse with double collar and cuffs of nylon batiste closes with rhinestone buttons. Navy, red, gray, and blue, sizes 9-15, about \$5

Nancy Wheeling's skirt of orlon and wool has permanently set cluster pleats with elasticized waistband. About \$9 in gray and brown, sizes 8-14 subteen. Brownie's nylon shrug sweater with three-quarter-length sleeves in small, medium, and large sizes. White, cherry, pink, blue, maize, and navy, about \$6

Deering Milliken's orlon-wool in an unpressed, permanently pleated skirt by Touraine. Gray with orange, red, and yellow. About \$11. Pandora's short sleeve classic pullover sweater, about \$8; the long sleeve cardigan, about \$9; both of Dupont's 100 per cent dacron, in pastels. All in teen sizes 10-16



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH W. BAXTER AT ELLA WEED LIBRARY, BARNARD COLLEGE JEWELRY BY BEN BERNHMAN

For girls on the go—for girls in the know—a group of separates made of the "wonder" fabrics—
orlon—nylon—dacron! All are washable and little or no ironing is necessary. For the store nearest
you, see page 77, and for further details on synthetic fabrics see the chart on page 34

Plaids are little, plaids are big, and plaids are perfect for fall, so include one of these in your back-to-school wardrobe.

They may be purchased at the stores listed on page 77

perky PLAID



Plaid-cotton "Gibson Girl" dress by Paramount with a neatly fitted bodice that has a piqué collar and three-quarter-length puffed sleeves. The over-yoke is bound with contrast piping. Full skirt has two slash pockets at the hips. About \$9 in brown and blue, sizes 8-14 subteen



DRAWINGS BY HILDA GLASGOW

Semiteen's trim shirtwaist dress of cotton in a Queen Elizabeth plaid has a double collar. The full skirt has two patch pockets. Pearl buttons trim the short sleeves, narrow panel of the bodice, and pockets of the skirt. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$8, in red-and-yellow plaid

Joseph Love uses Stevens plaid cotton in the full skirt of this dress. The bodice, of a matching check, has dolman sleeves. Plaid of the skirt is repeated on the high-spread collar and bands around the armholes. Sizes 8-14 subteen, about \$8, in brown and blue, red and navy

Seamstress special: Look what you can do on your sewing machine! High-style fashion stitches add a bright new note to old favorites like the three gifts shown here. No special attachment is needed. Just make three simple adjustments on the machine itself. Buy the apron, hanky, and towel ready-made, or sew your own according to your pet pattern. Then give them flair, fun, and fancy with names, designs, monograms. Homemade gifts still hold a high place in the hearts of everyone at Christmas



Midsummer Christmas

It's simply never too early to begin making holiday gifts

Drawings by Hilda Glasgow



Note to nature lovers: Gather rose petals while you may, add a dash of salt, spices to suit your fancy, then tuck them all away in a tidy covered container. Result: a rose jar—most thoughtful gift for friends who enjoy the sweet scent of roses all the year round



Attention, hook-and-needle brigade: If you wield a knitting needle or crochet hook with a will, take a stitch in time! Start now to make the items in this handsome trio, so you will surely finish them by The Day. The striped crocheted mitts are pretty sure to please a young lady on your list. Sister, chum, or mother will look smart—and love it—in this knitted cardigan. And can't you picture the glee with which your small-fry friend will receive a doll dressed in a lacy crocheted gown like this?

To get free, easy-to-follow instructions for all these items, send a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope to Betty Brooks, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE STORY SO FAR

The wind seemed always to blow, wild and free, across the vast, flat, treeless stretches of the Texas Panhandle. It seemed at once to frighten and to beckon to Melinda Pierce who hadn't wanted to leave her home, her friends, all she held dear in Lewisville, East Texas, to live in a cramped sod house twenty miles from the nearest neighbor in the Panhandle district of West Texas. She was sustained only by the promise that she could go back to Lewisville in a year and a half, when she would be sixteen, to attend the Academy with her friends. On the Panhandle, there was little wood or water, and people depended on their own resources for school, church, books, and music. Melinda yearned for friends, but there were only vague, dreamy Dennis Kennedy, whose interest in her was problematical, and untidy, barefoot Annie Foster who could neither read nor write. Then picnicking with the Kennedys, Melinda and her sister Katie suffered the terrifying experience of being lost in the wilds of the Panhandle.

PART IV

HALF A LIFETIME later Melinda and Katie heard the sound of horses approaching. Was it Papa? Melinda started to call, then stopped. Then they heard another sound, sweeter than anything in the world.

"Melin-da!" It was Papa's voice! "Ka-tie!"

Melinda tried to answer but for one awful moment her voice would not work. She made a final desperate effort and brought the words up from her stiff aching throat. "Here we are, Papa!" she croaked. "Here!"

With Papa were Mr. Kennedy, Nick, Herman, and Dennis. But Melinda and Katie saw only one person. "Oh, Papa!" they cried, and ran to him, throwing themselves into his arms and sobbing as if they could never stop.

Papa held them close. "Well, here you are. I must say you picked a fine time for a walk." He was laughing to make them feel better, but Melinda knew they had given Mama and Papa a fright. She clung to him, howling louder than any coyote.

by LOULA GRACE ERDMAN

Illustration by William Timmins

"No use to cry now," Papa went on. "You're safe. Here are your shoes and stockings. Better put them on before you freeze to death."

As he spoke, Melinda realized afresh how cold her feet were. She sat down suddenly on the sand and began to draw on her long, ribbed stockings, but Papa had to help Katie.

"I'm so glad you found our stockings," Melinda said.

"We were, too," Papa assured her. "They told us which fork to follow. Then we would have taken the wrong turn again, but Dennis found the sand pretties you made."

Dennis! Melinda felt both glad and embarrassed at the same time. Glad to know he had helped find her, embarrassed at the thought of what an idiot she must seem to him, dragging her sister off and getting lost, spoiling the picnic for everyone.

"I'm sorry I got lost," she said humbly. "It was a silly thing to do."

"Oh, don't feel too bad," Nick told her. "You were plenty smart to start singing so we could know where to find you. Hadn't been for that, you might have been lost all night."

"The way you were yelping for a while there," Herman said teasingly, "we thought you were coyotes, but we decided *they* wouldn't know the words to that song."

Melinda fastened the last button on her shoes and stood up. She was remembering all the horror of the hours just passed; needless horror, but nonetheless real while it lasted. She knew that she and Katie had not been the only frightened ones. Yet here they all stood, laughing and making jokes about it now. Maybe if you could laugh over something, it wouldn't seem quite so bad.

She cleared her throat. "Oh, I don't



know about that," she retorted, trying to speak lightly. "As many times as we sang it, I bet the coyotes know the words by now, too!"

All of them, even Dennis, joined in the laugh that followed.

Katie came down with a deep croupy cold as a result of her experience and had to stay in bed a week. Melinda helped Mama in nursing Katie and also in preserving the wild plums.

"What song were you and Katie singing that night you were lost?" Mama asked, as the plums cooked.

"Shall We Gather at the River," Melinda told her briefly. She never wanted to hear that song again as long as she lived. "You remember—that one we sang the day we first had Sunday school."

"That settles it," Mama said firmly. "We must manage some sort of church service. To think it would come back to you in your time of need!"

Papa thought church service an excellent idea. "Where do you want to have it?" he asked.

Mama looked around. "Right here," she said. "I have the organ."

"You're letting yourself in for a big gathering," he reminded her. "Everyone will come from miles around and spend the day. Think you can manage?"

"Of course," Mama assured him lightly. Papa grinned. "All right. I'll tell Nick and Herman to get the word to the traveling preacher."

Three days later the cowboys rode over to say the preacher would be coming the next Sunday. He would come out the day before and spend the night with the Pierces. The cowboys would pass the word along the range.

There were great preparations. Melinda and Katie washed the two windows. Every dish was washed, as well as the curtains and the cushions on the chairs. Then they started on the cooking. Annie would be here, Melinda thought, and the Kennedys would come. That meant Dennis.

Late that Saturday afternoon the preacher rode up. All five Pierce children were in the yard.

"Good evening, my young friends," he said. He was a little man, with a great shock of bushy, grizzled hair. His voice was so deep it seemed to pull itself up from the very bottom of his feet. Melinda jumped to hear so great a voice coming from so small a man.

"Good evening," she answered for the group. "Mama's expecting you." She stepped forward. "The boys will take your horse."

The preacher dismounted and handed the reins to the boys, who were trying to suppress giggles.

"He is a good horse," he said gravely. "Treat him well. His name is St. Paul."

The twins led St. Paul off to the corral.

There was an extra good supper that night—beans and fresh bread and fried prairie chicken, as well as plum preserves,

vinegar pie, and coffee, with milk for the children.

"Bread is a sign of a family," the preacher said, as Mama passed it to him. "Families are the hope of the world. They build strength into each other, and into the land where they live. Now that families have started coming into the Panhandle, it will be a better place."

Melinda was beginning to get used to his voice. It was deep and a little sad, like the wind blowing over the level flatness of the land. It had a sort of music to it, too, like some of the notes Mama played on the organ.

"What do you boys want to be when you grow up?" he asked Bert and Dick.

"Cowboys!" they answered in a single breath.

The preacher looked disappointed. "Cowboys are fine," he said, "but it would be better for you to till the land.

Generous and kind as the cowboys are, their way of life keeps the land empty of people. It's your father's way that brings the good things—families, homes, schools, and churches."

"Yes, sir," the twins said, their eyes on their plates.

"And you girls," the preacher continued, "you have no problem. Your job is already waiting for you. You'll be good wives and mothers, like your own mother. That's the job for a woman."

Melinda looked thoughtfully at Mama. How strange! Mama had once been a girl like Melinda and Katie. Little, even, like Carolyn. Now here she was at the head of the table, busy and alert, a good wife and mother. Melinda felt suddenly that she would like to know about the years which had brought Mama from the time when she was a girl to the place she now held—(Continued on page 68)

Mama gripped the Bible. Melinda watched fearfully



Slated for School

4508: One yard of 54" material makes the weskit, and another yard in the same width will make the skirt, for all sizes in the 12-18 range. The slim skirt has belt slots, and a front slit at the hemline. A Burlington rayon flannel would be a good choice for the fall

4513: A jumper with button trim, big flat pockets, and front pleat, plus a dainty blouse, will add sparkle to any wardrobe. Make your own combinations of plaids and solid colors. Sizes 11-17. In size 13, the jumper takes 4 1/4 yards 35" fabric; blouse, 2 yards, 35"

9083: Crisply smart, with a graceful, sweeping skirt, bow-tie blouse, and brief spencer, this would be equally pretty in your favorite solid color, in tiny checks, or in a plaid. Sizes 11-17. In 35" fabric, 13 takes 4 1/2 yards for skirt and spencer; 1 1/8 yards blouse

4568: The doll-waisted bodice with becoming Peter Pan collar, and the full-circle skirt make a perfect frock for sizes 10-16. For everyday, make it in a gay print or a plaid. For a party version, try a taffetized material. Size 12 needs 4 3/4 yards 35" material

These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl Pattern Dept., 155 East 44 Street, New York 17, New York. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. For your convenience there is a clip-out order blank on page 75





ICE CREAM AND FROZEN DESSERTS

WHAT IS MORE delicious on a warm summer's day than a heaping dish of homemade frozen dessert? For that matter, what could be more delicious any time of year!

Mechanical refrigerators have eliminated much of the hand power these desserts formerly called for, although ice cream made in hand-cranked, churn-type freezers does seem to have a special creamy texture all its own. If you have a mechanical refrigerator, be sure to set the cold control at the point recommended by the manufacturer for freezing ice cream. Whichever method you use, we are sure you will want to try some of the quite different recipes in this month's Exchange, as a pleasant surprise for family and friends. Some are inexpensive and budget-wise; others are definitely not everyday fare.

The subject for the November Recipe Exchange is Fritters. Substantial main-dish fritters, delicate dessert fritters, plain and fancy fritters—whatever your favorite fritter, write down the recipe (after you've tried it out just once more, to be sure you have it exactly right) and send it in. We pay \$1.00 for each recipe printed in the magazine. See page 78 for details.

STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM TARTS

A pretty dessert for a luncheon or birthday party. A package of frozen berries may be used instead of the fresh when strawberry time is past.

1 pint strawberries	2/3 cup sweetened condensed milk
Juice of 1 lemon	
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 cup cream, whipped

Wash, stem, and drain berries. Reserve 4 perfect berries for garnishing, and crush the rest. Add lemon juice, salt, and milk. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Stir well, and continue freezing until firm. When ready to serve, fill tart shells with ice cream and garnish each with half a strawberry and 4 fresh mint leaves. Makes 8 four-inch tarts.

Tart Shells:

1/4 cups fine graham-cracker crumbs	1/2 cup soft margarine or butter
1/4 cup sugar	

Combine ingredients and cream thoroughly. Press firmly to sides and bottoms of 8 greased tart pans. Bake at 350° about 10 minutes, or until brown. Cool well before filling with ice cream.

Send by EDITH HARTMAN, Vincentown, N. J.

by JUDITH MILLER

BUTTERMILK SHERBET

Not many desserts are designed to make dieters happy, as this one is.

2 cups buttermilk	1 cup drained, crushed pineapple
1/2 cup sugar	1 egg white
Dash salt	3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla	

Combine first five ingredients and blend well. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze to a mush. Turn into a chilled bowl and beat well. Beat egg white stiff; gradually beat in 3 tablespoons sugar. Fold into pineapple mixture. Return to tray and freeze without stirring until firm. Serves 6.

Sent by JEANNE JAMISON,
San Francisco, California

MACAROON CHERRY MOUSSE

Fresh or canned cherries may be used for this attractive and filling dessert.

1 1/2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin	1 cup macaroon crumbs
1 tablespoon cold water	1 cup chopped red cherries
1/2 cup boiling water	1 1/2 cups cream, whipped
1 cup milk, scalded	
1/2 cup sugar	

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes; add boiling water and milk. Add sugar and stir until gelatin and sugar are dissolved. Cool. Add macaroon crumbs and cherries. Fold in whipped cream and freeze in refrigerator tray. Makes 1 quart.

Sent by MARTHA DROUYOR, Ann Arbor, Mich.

BUTTER-CRISP ICE CREAM

For an extra-crunchy crust, double the butter-crisp mixture.

2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin	1/2 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups milk	1/8 teaspoon salt
2 eggs	2 teaspoons vanilla
	1 cup cream, whipped

Soak gelatin in 2 tablespoons of the milk. Scald remaining milk. Beat eggs until light and lemon-colored. Add sugar, salt, and vanilla and beat well. Add scalded milk gradually. Combine mixture with softened gelatin, stirring until gelatin is entirely dissolved. Chill. Fold in whipped cream. Freeze in refrigerator tray until firm. Remove to a chilled bowl and break up slightly. Beat in half the butter-crisp mixture. Beat well. Line the refrigerator tray with wax paper, letting

it come about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch above the edges of the tray. (This makes it easy to lift out the frozen loaf for slicing when you are ready to serve.) Pour cream mixture into tray and sprinkle remaining butter-crisp mixture over top. Freeze until firm. Serves 8.

Butter-Crisp Mixture:

1 tablespoon melted butter	1/4 cup finely crushed corn flakes
2 tablespoons brown sugar	1/4 cup chopped nuts

Thoroughly blend all ingredients. Place mixture in shallow pan and bake at 375° for 10 minutes, or until lightly browned, stirring often. Cool.

Sent by DOROTHY ANN JEARMICHUK,
Dickinson, North Dakota

LEMON PARFAIT

A delicately flavored dessert with which you can use any fresh, canned, or frozen berries or fruits.

1/2 cup sugar	1/4 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup water	1 cup cream, whipped
2 large eggs	1 cup berries or sliced fruit
1 tablespoon grated lemon peel	

Boil sugar and water together for 3 minutes. Separate eggs, and beat yolks until thick. Beat in sugar syrup very slowly. Cook mixture over hot water, stirring constantly, for 10 minutes. Cool. Add lemon peel and juice, and beat until smooth.

Beat egg white stiff; fold into first mixture. Fold cream in carefully. Turn into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm. Serve in parfait or sherbet glasses, garnishing each serving with berries or fruit. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by BARBARA SQUIRE, Zanesville, Ohio

ICE CREAM MEXICANA

Frankly a luxury or very-special-occasion dish—unless you live on a farm where cream is plentiful!

1 cup sugar	2 egg whites
1 cup walnut meats, broken	2 cups heavy cream
1 dozen macaroons, crushed	2 tablespoons sugar
2 egg yolks	1/8 teaspoon salt
1 cup heavy cream	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 cup sugar	1/2 teaspoon maraschino or almond extract

Heat 1 cup sugar in heavy skillet, stirring constantly until melted and light brown. Add

(Continued on page 57)

Bobby Teen

Pockets magnificent! So new, so smart, so flattering. Dress of bold woven plaid gingham sharpened with chalk-white collar and cuffs, a beau-catching ribbon tie, and a cinch-me waist belt. Assorted plaids.

Sizes 8-10-12-14

About \$6.

For the name of the store where you can buy this dress, write: BOBBY TEEN, 520 Eighth Avenue, New York 18.



JUMPER MATE
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Washable cotton
white, pink,
emerald,
blue, melon,
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Finest pinwale
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blouses! Red,
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A. JUMPER @ \$5.95

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Check Money Order C.O.D.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE WITHIN 10 DAYS

talk

by JONNI BURKE

Drawings by Leo Weil



A helmet-shaped corduroy cloche by Capulets. Wear it with the visor down or turned back. In red, gray, and navy, adjustable to size. \$2.95 at Kresge's, Newark.



A set of three graceful ballerina scatter pins and a gold-link bracelet with a baby-shoe dangle by Elco. Each is \$1.* Order them from B. Altman, New York City 16.



Younmade's neat little clutch bag of genuine leather fastens with a gold-colored clasp. Red, navy, natural, and brown, available at L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis for \$2.95*

*Please add 20% Federal Tax

for back-to-school wear.
Yours for \$3.50 or less.



Admire's striped-cotton blouse has three-quarter sleeves and a Lord Byron collar. Sizes 32-36 in blue, green, blue, and red. \$2.95. The Paris Shop, New Rochelle, N.Y.



Lourne, a plastic cordé carryall by Joell, is equipped with purse, key chain, and wallet. \$1.95* in red, green, and brown. Michelle Creations, 75-35 189 Street, Flushing, N.Y.



For a shapely figure, R. England's wide contour belt of simulated patent leather. In red, blue, and black, sizes 24-28. \$2.50* at **Wicks** **Goethals** **Dollie**.



Hi-Schoolers

Get in shape for school!

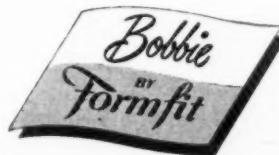
Be the class smoothie
in BOBBIE "Under-Wonders"

You're trim and slim—always in beautiful form—in your Bobbie Bra and Britches. And you're so *wise* to choose these famous "Under-Wonders" by Formfit, a name you can trust. For Formfit has designed 'em *specially* for you. To give you the sleek, smooth lines you want now. Plus the comfort and freedom, the healthful support your figure needs to *develop best for the future!* Bobbies are soft, light, cool. Have yours in a wardrobe of styles and fabrics for every daytime and date-time need. All good stores have them!

Bobbie Bras, \$1.25 to \$1.75
In all teen sizes

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Bobbie Britches from \$3.95
(4 detachable garters)



THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Big Show in the Sky (Continued from page 27)



GOES BACK-TO-SCHOOL

Book learning is fun in this full-skirted cotton plaid dress with white pique wing collar and cuffs—all accented by black stitching; black patent leather belt. In green, brown, blue. Sizes 8-14; under \$8.00.

G. Fox & Co.—Hartford, Conn.; Stern Bros.—New York City; Bullocks — Los Angeles.

**JOSEPH LOVE INC.
1333 Broadway, New York 18.**

30. This smallest-known planet is so close to the sun that he rounds his orbit (circular path) in the solar system in eighty-eight days. Most of the time Mercury is either between us and the sun or on the far side where we must look into the glare of sunlight to see him. We can glimpse him only when he sweeps into the western edge of his orbit before sunrise or the eastern edge after sunset. Eager observers must be up at 5:00 a.m. Eastern standard time, 6:00 a.m. Eastern daylight time on August 29 to beat sunrise by half an hour in most of the United States.

Venus, twin planet of the earth, does not stay up long after sunset in August, but she is so much brighter than any other planet or any star that when she is within sight there is no danger of missing her. Venus is covered, as the earth is, by a fine jacket of atmosphere. This protects her, hides her, and makes her an excellent mirror for sunshine. If strange creatures from other worlds, so dear to the imaginations of radio and TV writers, actually existed, they would find the earth and Venus equally beautiful if they looked in their direction. The atmosphere that clings to both these planets makes them perfect reflectors. Venus, which like Mercury travels on a circle nearer the sun than ours, is hidden at times in the glare of sunlight. Her orbit is 225 days long, however, and she sparkles in the sky after sunset or before sunrise for several months at a time. We see her in the evening all fall.

Venus is not the only headliner acting in the southwestern sky this August. Two important gentlemen in the company of planets are quite near enough to compete with her. Saturn sets almost as soon after the sun as Venus does, but at a point farther to the left on the horizon as you face southwest. He is a cold proposition, for his temperature is almost 240° below zero, but he attracts a lot of attention because of the marvelous system of rings near his equator which make him unique among planets. These rings are thousands of miles wide, but probably no more than ten miles thick. They may be of meteoric material or ice particles—no one knows for certain.

Saturn is not especially bright this year because the thin edge of his ring faces the earth, but there is no important star near him to act as a rival.

The other gentleman is Mars, who has been shining unusually well all summer. He is a little planet, traveling in an orbit just outside that of the earth. About every two years and two months he cuts in close to us as distances in the sky are measured. He was only 52,000,000 miles away on May 8 this year and looked like quite a fellow. He has faded some, but he is still brighter and redder than Antares, the giant star that is to the left of him as you face southwest. Antares means "the rival of Ares." (Ares is another name for Mars, god of war, after whom the planet is named.) This star marks the heart of the Scorpion, a constellation that beautifies the southern part of our summer skies. The head of the Scorpion faces Mars, and below it are the three stars shaped like a pup tent. The bright red one in the center is Antares, one of the reddest and biggest of the giant stars. This year when Antares and Mars appear to be unusually close together in the sky they seem to us to be about the same size. Astronomers can tell us that this

is not true. Mars, a planet like the earth, is only 4,220 miles in diameter. But it is so near us this summer that the sunlight it reflects reaches us in a few minutes. On the other hand, Antares, which looks to us like a twin of Mars, actually has a diameter of about 370,000,000 miles! Antares is so far from us that the light you see this year, rushing our way at a speed of approximately 186,000 miles a second, left the star in 1702. We were an English colony then. So, of course, appearances are deceiving, and it is only because Antares is so far away that it looks to be about the same size as Mars.

Jupiter is in a part of the sky pattern that comes into sight a little after midnight this month. He is southwest of two beautiful star clusters, the Pleiades and the Hyades. He is much brighter than the nearest bright star, the red giant Aldebaran at the eastern tip of the V-shaped figure of the Hyades in the constellation Taurus. If you decide to stay up to count Perseid meteors the night of August 12, you will have no trouble finding Jupiter for on that date the moon is nearby. Their rising time is about 11:00 p.m. Eastern standard time; midnight, daylight time.

When we follow the actions of the feature players of the sky, we must face at least partly south. The sun never reaches the zenith (point exactly overhead) in any part of the United States, and the moon and planets move near the sun's path across the sky. There are wonderful star patterns in the northern sky, however, and some of them never set. Their distance above the horizon depends upon the latitude of the earth where you are standing. Stars have a comfortable habit of traveling above the same parallel of latitude of the earth for thousands of years. Once you have learned a summer or winter star you can find it in the same place in the sky on the same date the next year.

The most famous constellations of the northern sky are the Big and Little Dippers. Almost everyone can find the big one. An hour after sunset in August it is still well up in the sky, to the left of you as you face north. It is dropping, bowl first, toward the northern horizon where residents of the southern States will have difficulty finding it. Follow the two stars at the outside edge of the bowl to the right, about five times as far as the distance between them. There shines the moderately bright star that is now almost exactly over the North Pole of the earth. It is Polaris, our pole-star. This famous object which is really two stars (that look like one to us) is the outermost point of the handle of the Little Dipper, which is hard to find except on a very dark night. Its bowl pours into that of its big companion. Climbing up the western sky across the Pole from the Big Dipper is Cassiopeia, shaped like a W or M, a mythological lady who was chained to a heavenly chair for boasting of her daughter's beauty. Like the Dippers she circles endlessly around the Pole, sometimes on her head, sometimes on her feet.

In our theater of the sky these northern stars are intermission amusement, visible any time.

At the close of our August show the summer triangle, composed of the three brilliant stars, Vega, Altair, and Deneb, will be sliding away to the westward. The planets and constellations we have seen will drop below the horizon for a time, as headliners should to keep up their importance.

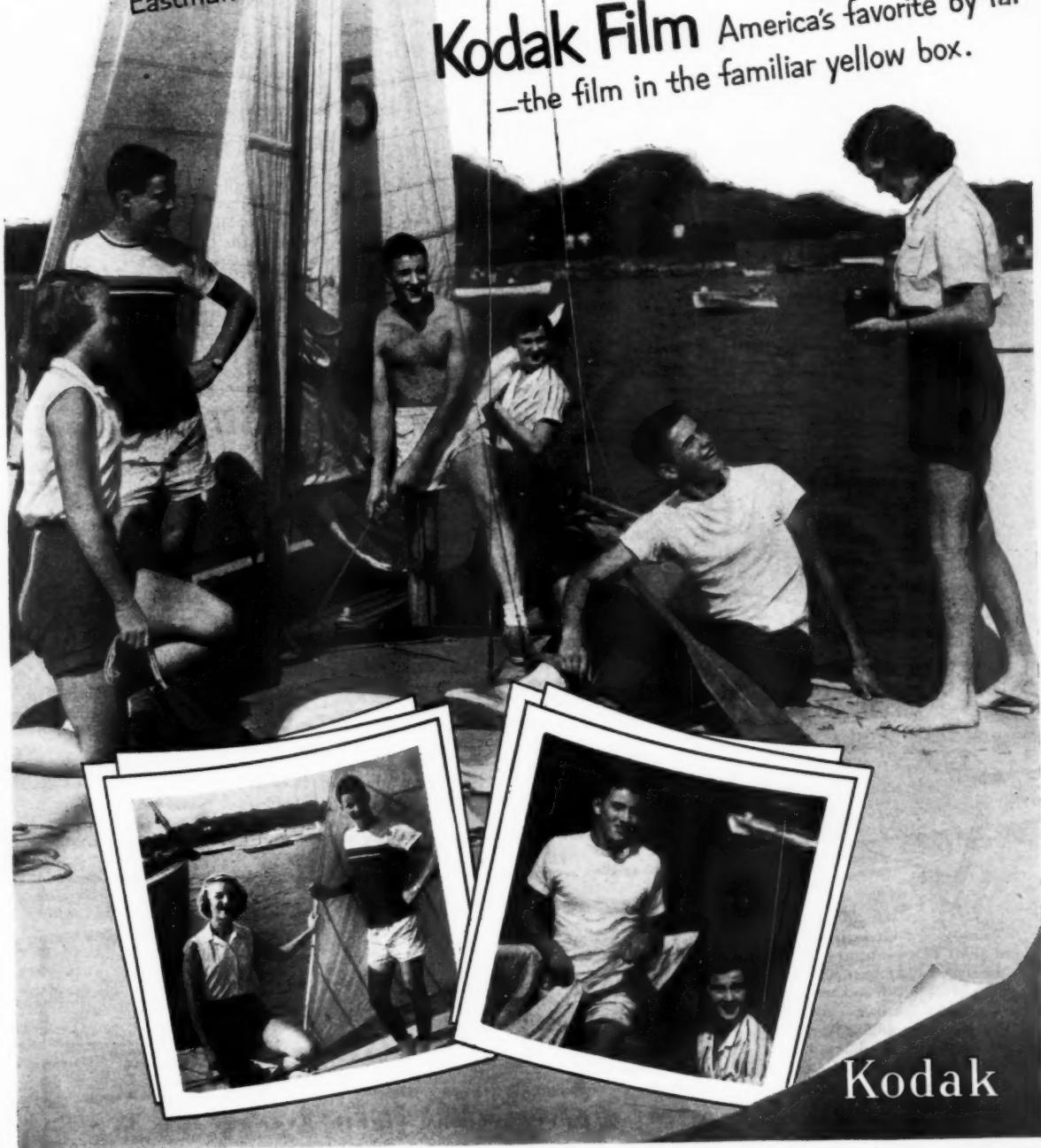
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The excitement is in the southern skies which change through the year, but if you look to the northern skies the same stars will always be there, every evening, every year. Learn these stars well and they will guide you to others.

Advice to Star Gazers

Try to observe from a place that is free from trees, houses, and bright lights.

Have a little help at the start, either from someone who knows more than you or from a map or reference book.

Learn one or two distinct patterns and work from them. All stars seem to look alike at first. They are not.

Good-bye, Indian Prince

path that led to home. She walked rapidly, oblivious to bird song, to the serene beauty of the wood, to everything except the fact that she was home at last.

She found her mother busy with lengths of flame-colored organdy. "I'll have this dress ready for you to try on after supper," Mrs. Neelton said.

Alana nodded, "All right," she said indifferently. Even for her mother's sake she could not pretend an interest in the dress.

She hurried up to her room, closed the door, and turned on the record player. As she slipped into jeans and shirt, she listened to the rich, tender voice singing the Kashmiri song. She longed to forget all the unpleasant things that had happened to her, to lose herself again in the lovely dream.

The haunting voice poured forth its beauty, but the Indian prince on his faraway lake did not appear. There was just the familiar room and the closed door.

Alana was oppressed by the silence, the emptiness. Suddenly the room became a prison shutting her away from all the life and laughter outside. She yanked open the door, flew downstairs to her mother's room.

"Stan Foster asked me to go to the barn dance with him tonight," she blurted out.

"He did? Oh, how nice!" Mrs. Neelton looked up, her face beaming.

Alana spoke carefully. "I—I told him I couldn't go."

It seemed to Alana that all the light drained out of her mother's face. "Why did you do that, dear?" she asked.

"I just didn't want to go."

Helplessly they stared at each other. Alana didn't know what she had expected. But she knew now that neither her mother nor anyone else could help her out of the little prison she had built for herself.

Blindly she ran from the house to the

If you have a large or small planetarium near you, learn what you can there; but remember that the outdoor sky is much bigger and the stars farther apart.

Learn to use a reference book. Here are some good ones:

"The Observers' Handbook," published by the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, 3 Wilcocks Street, Toronto.

"Introducing the Constellations," Robert H. Baker, Viking Press, Inc.

"Field Book of the Sky," William T. Alcott and Edmund Pittman, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Stars for Sam," Maxwell Ried, Harcourt Brace and Co.

THE END

(Continued from page 23)

pasture where Starlight was browsing. She threw her arms around his fat neck and hugged him. But even he wasn't much comfort. She could still hear the far-off laughter, the gay chatter that did not include her.

Suddenly, knowing what she was going to do, frightened at the thought of it, yet carried forward by a mounting excitement, she led Starlight to the barn and put on his bridle. Without waiting to saddle him, she slipped on his back and turned him down the lane. His short legs twinkled along the sun-dappled path, and before long he came out upon the highway.

The pony's mincing trot carried them steadily along the road, shaded now by the wood that bounded it on the right. It seemed hardly any time until they were starting up the Fosters' drive. The windows of the flat-faced white house were like staring eyes. Alana pictured the whole Foster family watching her from behind those windows.

She knew this was silly. Mr. Foster would be busy in the fields—everyone would be busy. What had she come for, really? They would all think she was crazy, riding up on poor fat little Starlight, her feet practically scraping the ground. She must look like a goon. And if she actually saw Stan and he could stop laughing long enough for her to speak to him, what would she say?

"Hello, Stan, I've decided to go to the barn dance with you after all." That would give him a laugh, especially if he had already asked someone else.

Her face flushed even thinking of it. "I must be crazy!" Abruptly she wheeled Starlight and started back toward the highway. They waited at the edge of the lane for a car to pass. But even after it had passed, Alana hesitated.

She did not want to go home. If she went home now, it was all over. She would

have to make herself content with the things that had come to mean her whole life—her dreams, her books, her music, the animals on the farm, the woodland paths. She did not quite understand why they were no longer enough, why even thinking of them made her feel lonely.

Slowly, she turned Starlight's head. She urged him into a pounding gallop. She must get there before her nerve failed again.

They approached the house, rounded it, and there was Martha on the back porch.

"Hi," she called.

"Hi," Alana shouted back and felt some of the tension leave her. Martha didn't seem to think it odd that she had come.

Stan was at the well, watering a pair of mules. At the sight of Alana his mouth fell open. She slid to the ground and for a long wordless moment they stared at each other. Then Stan laughed gently. "Say, aren't you afraid of that big fiery steed?"

The laugh was not derisive. It didn't hurt. Alana found herself laughing, too, and saying easily, "Well, he's the only steed I have. It's either ride him or walk."

Then she saw the eagerness in Stan's face, how it had suddenly lighted up, and she wasn't afraid any more. "I just came to tell you I'm not snooty."

"Oh, you're not!" he grinned. "Then why wouldn't you go to the barn dance with me?"

"I've never been to a barn dance—to any dance. I—I just wouldn't know what to do."

"Whew, is that all? Well, don't let that hold you back. I'll teach you."

"Hello there, Alana." Martha joined them. "About time you paid us a visit. How about staying to supper?"

"Oh, I can't tonight, thank you."

"She's got to go home and get prettied up," Stan explained. "For the barn dance." He turned to Alana. "Martha and Ed'll go with us."

"Oh, fine," Alana said. Then she had a wonderful thought. "Why don't you have supper with me tomorrow night—all of you—Ed, too, I mean. We have a fireplace in the yard and we can fix hamburgers—"

"You don't have to coax me," Stan said.

"Well, you certainly won't have to coax Ed and me," Martha laughed.

Later, when Alana had gulped down the supper her mother had insisted that she eat and had gone to her room to dress, she automatically turned on the record player.

"Pale hands I loved"—the tender, familiar words soared out into the room. In the act of getting her shirt from the dresser drawer Alana paused.

The room faded and she was at the edge of a black lake fringed with great trees. A lighted barge was on the lake and it was drifting away from her. At the stern stood her Indian prince in all his splendor and savage beauty.

"Good-by, Alana," he called softly. He lifted a jeweled hand in farewell and the barge vanished, leaving only a rippling wake along the dark waters. Then the lake, too, was gone.

"Alana!" Her mother was standing in the doorway. "I don't like that record," she exclaimed impatiently. "You play it so much."

"I'm through with it, Mother," Alana said. She took it from the record player and dropped it into the metal wastebasket. It broke with a dull crash. "Good-by," she whispered. "Good-by, Indian prince."

THE END

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LOCUST VALLEY, NEW YORK: I know girls are beautiful, but let's have some cute animal covers.

I am not very interested in fashions usually, but since I am going to Italy this summer, I have many new dresses, among them one of your fashions, a darling aqua jumper with the cutest jacket I have ever seen.

I was overjoyed when you added a photograph section to *By You*. I love photography and am trying to perfect my own.

Also I'd like to see an article giving ideas for careers. The two things I am most interested in are being a doctor or animal photographer.

ALESSANDRA BREWER (age 13)

KOBE, JAPAN: Your magazine is wonderful, I think. Cover, fiction, and fashion are all wonderful and nice, makes me feel as if I were dreaming.

I go to mission school named Kobe College, but I am not the college girl. I am high school girl.

We have some American teachers so we can learn the English so easily that I always feel happy.

When I received *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I bring it to school, then my friends get it from me and read it. They said that they enjoyed *Double Date* and I too felt it is much interesting for me.

I am reading novel "Cry, the Beloved Country" by Alan Paton. This is very nice so I want to introduce this for *AMERICAN GIRL* once more.

Please make and send me wonderful magazine next month also.

KEIKO ITO (age 17)

SOUTH HAVEN, MICHIGAN: I think *The Human-Interest Angle* and *Johnny Stack* were about the best stories you have had since I started subscribing. I am also enjoying your new serial, *The Wind Blows Free*. *Life with a Siamese Cat* and *Captivating Rhythm* were very good, too. I always like to read the *By You* section and I liked the art in this issue very much. I thought that "What Goes on in There," by Nancy Townsend was very cute. *Belles-On Your Toes* was very helpful. And, as I am a Girl Guide, I also enjoy *All Over the Map*. I always simply love your fashions.

JEAN KEISER (age 16)

LEACHVILLE, ARKANSAS: I have been a Girl Scout almost a year. I find that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine has helped me very much.

The April, 1951, issue helped me to become a Tenderfoot Scout, and now I am a First Class Scout. I am now working on my Curved Bar.

I want to say that I like your magazine very much, especially the *Girl Scout* pages.

ANNETTE EDWARDS (age 12)

QUEBEC, CANADA: *The Human-Interest Angle* and *Johnny Stack* were about the best stories you have had since I started subscribing. I am also enjoying your new serial, *The Wind Blows Free*. *Life with a Siamese Cat* and *Captivating Rhythm* were very good, too. I always like to read the *By You* section and I liked the art in this issue very much. I thought that "What Goes on in There," by Nancy Townsend was very cute. *Belles-On Your Toes* was very helpful. And, as I am a Girl Guide, I also enjoy *All Over the Map*. I always simply love your fashions.

JANET TURNBULL (age 13)

CHELAN, WASHINGTON: Congratulations, *AMERICAN GIRL*! I have just finished reading your June issue and it's just plain super!

The stories about Kay Allen and Ronnie Bennett are really wonderful and *The Human-Interest Angle* certainly lived up to their high reputation. Could we please have more of these and also more animal and pet stories?

By You is very interesting and especially when it turns up stories like "Right in Your Own Back Yard" and "Joy Street, U. S. A."

TRUDA CRADDOCK (age 15)

WAUBEKA, WISCONSIN: I just finished reading the second part of *The Wind Blows Free*. It was just marvelous. I can hardly wait for the next issue.

I want to congratulate you on your covers. They are just grand. I would like to suggest having a picture of a horse on the next issue.

I think your patterns and fashions are very cute. They help me with my 4-H work.

IRENE HAYES (age 12)

HAYSI, VIRGINIA: Your present serial, *The Wind Blows Free*, is truly the best one you have had. *Captivating Rhythm* was an article of my favorite kind. I never knew there was so much work put into a record.

MARY ALICE POWERS (age 14)

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: I fully agree with Brenda Ganz when she said that *A Penny for Your Thoughts* can get a little boring. Everybody says your magazine is wonderful. It is. But everybody says the same thing over and over again. I think Brenda has something when she says we should tell about our home towns or something funny.

We just finished studying Great Britain. I gave an oral report on *Teen-Ager . . . British Style*. I got an "A." Even the boys were interested.

MERILYN HIETT (age 12)

MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY: I got quite a kick out of the article *Down to the Sea* in your June issue. The reason is that I, as you can see, am from Maplewood myself, and being an Intermediate Scout, hope someday to be a Mariner Scout. Also, my aunt is one of the Maplewood Mariner Leaders. I don't know if she was on that particular cruise, however.

PEGGY ORCHARD (age 14)

MIDDLESBORO, KENTUCKY: I like the patterns best because I love to sew. My graduation dress was made by one of your patterns and I got many compliments on it.

ANN ARLIN COLLINS (age 14)

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN: I am a Japanese girl who is going to senior high school, which is called Soshin Girls' School, one of the mission schools. (Soshin means seeking truth.)

As we have two American missionaries in our school, I can often hear about American families, schools, churches, and girls, etc. But last August I got a copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* from my pen friend, Martha, in Coshocton, Ohio, and I have received eight copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* till now.

I have studied English for four years but yet my English is too poor to digest all of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Your fashions and covers are really lovely! I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I will wait every month with pleasure.

YOSHIKO SHINKAI (age 16)

BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS: I have some friends in the country whose dog recently died while giving birth to five tiny black puppies. No one knew what to do about nursing them and feared they would die. What do you suppose happened? Their tiger cat immediately took the role as their mother and nursed them as if they were her own little kittens, for her kittens had been given away. The little puppies have had their picture taken by various newsmen. They are now very happy with their new mother.

I think the article on *Life with a Siamese Cat* was extremely interesting.

MARY LOU MURNANE (age 13)

NILES, OHIO: The June cover was tops, and the stories were swell. I especially liked the stories. *The Human-Interest Angle* and *Johnny Stack*. In *By You*, the story "The Difference" by Doris Jowey rated first place.

IRENE DAVIES (age 13)

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

TEEN-TYPES

The beach screecher:



There's one at least on every beach! Even the roar of the surf can't drown this character's piercing squeals. Doesn't she know a poised girl is so much more attractive!



The date breaker:

What a meanie! She thinks nothing of standing up a date at the last minute, because something better (she thinks) has turned up. She'll be sorry when word gets around.



The tennis menace:

She's courting trouble . . . for even on "those days" she can't resist taking every shot that comes her partner's way. Won't somebody please give her a copy of the wise little book, "Growing Up and Liking It."



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LORAIN ART STUDIOS
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Susie Goes to Market

(Continued from page 31)

styling she gives her dresses, Miss Waisman works hard to produce a daringly cut sleeve, a novel tie that can be worn two ways, a skirt tucked so cunningly that it stands away from the body like an umbrella.

"I sometimes turn the material wrong side out," Miss Waisman confessed. "Often the wrong side has a much more exciting pattern, texture, or weave than the right side."

Susie's third stop was at the workroom of a tall, gracious lady, Miss Bert Kean, who has had many years of experience as a designer. She works in the "sample room," a bright cubicle high above the street and crammed to overflowing with bolts of goods. Two sewing machines, where "sample hands" (girls who make sample dresses) worked industriously, were placed along one wall. A tall stool stood near the high shelflike desk. Here Miss Kean sat to sketch her ideas.

"Yes," Miss Kean said. "I often make a rough sketch first." She showed Susie a pad covered with much-corrected drawings.

While Susie watched, Miss Kean translated one of her ideas from sketch to fabric, draping the goods on the standard size-twelve dress form. Next she gave Susie a "sloper" to examine. Susie thought it looked exactly like the front half of the bodice in a dress pattern used in home sewing except for one thing: the sloper was made of cardboard instead of tissue. Using the "sloper" as a guide for cutting, just as a dress pattern is used, Miss Kean then cut two front bodice pieces of lightweight canvas. These she pinned in proper place on the form. With a soft pencil the designer began to draw on the canvas in a sort of doodling fashion, first tracing a neckline notched in five places, then a row of scallops down the center overlap of the bodice. Apparently not satisfied with the neckline, Miss Kean made it lower and changed the notches to scallops. The result was a scalloped neckline with the scallop motif following down the bodice.

"That's it," Miss Kean said. "We'll use this."

"Is it as easy as that?" Susie marveled.

Miss Kean laughed. "Not quite. Sometimes I don't turn up a thing. On other days ideas pop all over the place."

The skirt, sleeves, and other details of the dress are designed in the same way. A sample dress is made up from the canvas pattern and shown to salesmen and buyers for their reaction. If they approve it, the dress is then "put into production" and goes to the patternmaker who makes a key pattern from the sample dress.

He is a proper wizard, Susie discovered, for he must measure to the umpteenth of an inch—is allowed no margin for error. His tools are such wooden geometrical instruments as T squares and circlemakers. Patterns are made of heavy brown paper, somewhat like wrapping paper, one piece for each part of the dress—collar, sleeve, skirt, and so on. The patternmaker must allow for any tucks and pleats. From this pattern in the key size (in this case size 12) one dress is made up and tried on a model for final checking purposes. Any necessary changes in the pattern are made then and there, and the okayed pattern goes to the grader. The grader makes patterns for all the different sizes in which the dress is to be manufactured—ten, twelve, fourteen—or whatever the size range is.

Susie stopped next in a perfectly huge

Look Smart

...on parade
...on a picnic



Picnic Fare!
Buster Brown Official
Girl Scout Saddle Shoe.

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Girl Scout Oxford.
Also available in white.

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Remember, there are Brownie Scout Shoes, too. Sizes 12½ to 3. \$7.45

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Official Girl Scout Shoes [®]

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It's not an official shoe unless
it is marked "Girl Scout."

All of these parts on top of your stove



Burner drip-pans — where spatters cook on, use S.O.S. Remove all those stubborn spots, quickly and easily!



Griddles are easy to clean with magic S.O.S.! Burned-on food cleans off fast—your griddle gleams like new!

Pull-out trays which catch run-overs from top of stove require frequent cleaning — and S.O.S. is just the cleanser for the job!



*Use S.O.S. for all
your pots and pans —
the soap is in the pad*



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room filled with enormous tables approximately fifty feet long by eight feet wide. At the end of one table two men were working the spreading machine which unwound the goods from the bolt until the goods lay flat on the entire length of the table. Like rolling out a royal carpet, Susie thought. Layer after layer of goods is arranged this way until the stack may be from fifty to three hundred thicknesses deep, depending on the weight of the material. These layers of goods are called "lays."

At another table nearby Susie was introduced to the "marker." His job is to trace the various pieces of the pattern on a long sheet of paper, fitting the pieces into the space so that not one square inch of space is wasted. This sheet of paper (as long as the table) is also called a "marker." The sheet of paper varies in width according to the goods that will be used to make the dress. By putting carbon paper between the sheets, the "marker" can make several markers at a time. When one is finished, it is then laid on top of the layers of material prepared by the spreading machine, for the cutter to use as a guide in cutting the goods.

Now the cutter goes to work. Susie was fascinated by the cutting machine, which is small, portable, easily guided, although its sharp whine, as it sliced through one hundred layers of goods at a time, made her clasp her hands to her ears. Every few minutes the cutter sharpened his blade by flipping a switch which started the automatic sharpener built into the machine. A shower of sparks as the emery sharpening discs met the steel of the blade, then another flip of the switch and the sharpening device was turned off. Whir, whine, and the blade sliced sure and deep. In a moment more one hundred collars were cut!

A hundred collars, a hundred pockets, a hundred sleeves—until eventually all the parts of the dress are cut. These parts are then tied in bundles and sent on to "operators" who do all the sewing. In the young market, sewing, which is a huge business in itself, is not done at the manufacturers' but is taken over by firms which specialize in this. These firms, located in or around the fringe of the market, function in several ways. In some, one operator may specialize in sewing sleeves, another in putting in zippers; a third works only on skirts. In other concerns one operator sews the entire dress. The presser gives the completed dress its finishing touch, the examiner then checks for imperfections and sends back any dress that needs correcting. Finally, complete to the last button, or tucking, or decoration, the dress comes home to the manufacturer to be displayed with pomp and ceremony in his showroom. As many as a hundred duplicates of it, or more, are hung in the "hospital" (shipping room) ready to be sent to stores.

"Elegant is the word!" Susie said with enthusiasm as she entered the showroom, where pickled-pine furniture conspired with ash-rose walls and cinnamon-colored leather to give an effect of serenity and beauty. On one side of the room a number of shoulder-high partitions formed individual booths, each containing a table and two or three chairs. Susie was invited to sit in one of the booths, just as buyers do, and see "the line." Against the muted walls across the room the myriad colors of the dresses hanging on the racks made a dazzling rainbow. Dress after dress was taken down, spread out with a flourish so that Susie could

see the style, the detail, the little differences that made the dress unique. Here were colors with gay, provocative names: cypress green, honey beige, moulin rouge, biscay blue. From these samples the buyers make their selections and place their orders.

So ends the story of a dress as Susie saw it made—a dress that began as a twinkle in a designer's eye, passed swiftly, smoothly to the pattern maker, marker, cutter, operator, presser. Eventually, one of the dresses Susie saw may turn up in a store in your home town. Perhaps it will be exactly what you are looking for when you say to the salesgirl, "Can you show me something cool—in blue?"

THE END

Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 45)

Walnuts, mix well, and pour quickly into a shallow, greased pan. When cold and brittle, break into pieces and crush fine. Toast macaroon crumbs lightly for five minutes at 425°. Beat egg yolks slightly and combine with 1 cup cream and 1/4 cup sugar. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats spoon. Remove from heat. Beat egg whites stiff, and fold into hot custard. Combine 2 cups cream with 2 tablespoons sugar and add to custard; add salt and flavorings. Pour into churn-type ice-cream freezer and freeze to a mush. Add cool macaroon crumbs and half the nut mixture. Finish freezing. Pack in ice and salt and let ripen for 3 hours. Serve in sherbet glasses, with remaining nut mixture sprinkled on top. Makes about 1 1/2 quarts.

Sent by LINDA PERRY, Hartselle, Alabama

FROZEN DELIGHT

Homemade or store ice cream may be used for this. It is delicious with either.

12 graham crackers	2 tablespoons peanut butter
1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries	1/2 cup chopped raisins
1 quart vanilla ice cream	

Crush the crackers to coarse crumbs. Work crumbs, cherries, peanut butter, and raisins together with fingers until well mixed. Line large refrigerator tray with wax paper. Spread 1/2 cup mixture on bottom. Spread slightly softened ice cream on top of crumbs, and sprinkle ice cream with remaining crumbs. Freeze until firm. Turn out on cold platter and slice with very sharp knife. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by ROSALIE SAWYERS, Kirkman, Iowa

DELICIOUS ORANGE SHERBET

Compliments will come your way, Katherine says, when you serve this cooler.

1 envelope unflavored gelatin	1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup cold water	Dash salt
1/2 cup orange juice	1 cup ginger ale
2 egg whites	1/4 cup lemon juice

Soften gelatin in cold water. Heat orange juice and add to softened gelatin. Add sugar and salt, and stir until gelatin and sugar are dissolved. Cool. Add ginger ale and lemon juice. Chill until nearly firm. Beat with rotary beater until light and fluffy. Beat egg whites stiff and fold into first mixture. Turn into refrigerator tray and freeze until mixture is firm 1/2 inch in from edges of tray, but still soft in center. Remove to chilled bowl and beat until smooth. Return to refrigerator tray and continue freezing until firm. Serves 6.

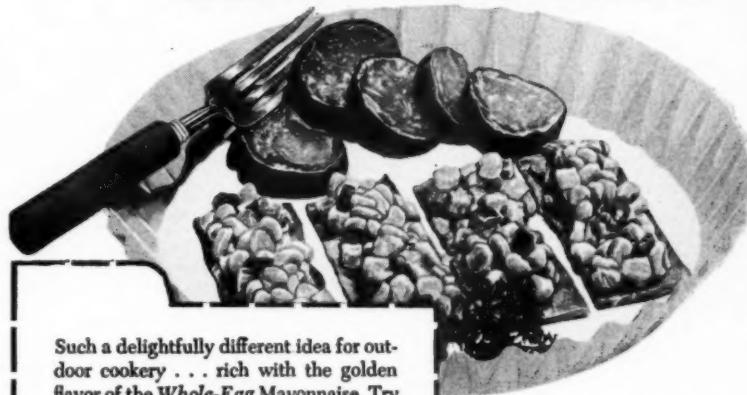
Sent by KATHERINE JASPER, Cambridge, Mass.

Keep a Recipe Scrapbook



Hikers away!
And for a wonderful treat on the trail
... a hearty meal from your own* recipe scrapbook!

Trailside Ham Barbecue



Such a delightfully different idea for outdoor cookery . . . rich with the golden flavor of the Whole-Egg Mayonnaise. Try it on your very next hike! Combine 2 c. corn niblets, 3 tbs. chopped pimento, 3 tbs. chopped green pepper, 1/2 c. Whole-Egg Mayonnaise. Heat in skillet. Grill 6 thin slices boiled ham. Heap corn on ham, serve hot. (Serves 6.)

*Girl Scouts! Outdoor Cook Proficiency Badge

requirements suggest that you make a scrapbook of outdoor recipes and menus, and try out at least three. (See Activity 14.) Here's an ideal recipe; clip it now!

On the trail, or in mother's kitchen . . . what a difference the Whole-Egg Mayonnaise makes in so many wonderful salads, sauces, super-sandwiches. Made with freshly broken whole eggs plus extra yolks . . . just taste the difference between Hellmann's or Best Foods Whole-Egg Mayonnaise and mayonnaise made with egg yolks alone! No wonder it's America's favorite mayonnaise . . . so good so many ways!

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The Whole-Egg Mayonnaise

IN THE WEST
→

IN THE EAST
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"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

Amazing New Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES Skin-Colored HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

Doctors Amazed At Results

Now released to druggists—the sensational, scientific, skin-colored medication especially for pimples. In skin specialists' tests on 200 patients, CLEARASIL brought amazing relief to 8 out of every 10. CLEARASIL is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pimples. Actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils* that pimples "feed" on.

CLEARASIL ends embarrassment—gives new confidence immediately because its skin-color hides pimples amazingly while it helps dry them up. Greaseless, stainless—pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted

medication. Thousands of grateful users (adults as well as teen-agers) have found that CLEARASIL is one medication that really worked for them. So even if other treatment has failed, you owe it to yourself to try CLEARASIL. Get CLEARASIL today.

GUARANTEED! CLEARASIL must amaze you the first time you use it—or your money back. Return tube to address below.

ONLY
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greaseless • non-oily
Economy Size
98¢
At Your
Druggist

Above photograph shows how CLEARASIL hides pimples. "Overactivity of certain oil glands is recognized by authorities as a major factor in acne." © 1962 Easton, Inc., New York 17, N.Y.

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Protect the Loveliness of
Your Hands with BITE-X



Don't let ugly, chewed up nails embarrass you . . . make you self-conscious . . . spoil your chance for romance and happiness! Now it's so easy to break yourself of this vicious habit. Just apply BITE-X to the tips of your fingers.

Harmless, liquid BITE-X instantly forms an adhesive, transparent and very bitter coating. One taste and you'll shrink from biting your nails again. How proud you'll be of nails that look lovely . . . hands that win kisses. Send for a bottle of BITE-X today.

The first bottle must break the habit or your money will be cheerfully refunded. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Send only \$1—we pay postage. BITE-X Corp., Dept. AG8, 683 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 22.



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MAIL
COUPON
TODAY

JIFFY GRAPE MOUSSE
Any kind of jam or jelly may be used
instead of the grape in this mousse.

1 cup grape jelly	1/4 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons lemon juice	3/4 cup milk
1 cup cream, whipped	

Beat jelly until smooth, by hand or in an electric beater. Stir in lemon juice and salt. Add milk gradually, beating well after each addition. Fold in cream. Turn into refrigerator tray and freeze until mixture begins to set. Stir thoroughly with a fork, and continue freezing until firm. Serves 6.

Sent by JUDY KOHLEN, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please turn to page 78 for next month's Recipe Exchange announcement

Cut a Fine Figure

(Continued from page 33)

6. Milk and milk products.

7. Butter or fortified margarine.

You lose weight by first cutting down on the quantity you eat in all of the categories. No second helpings, no snacks between meals, no little nibbles before dinner. Secondly, you lose weight by sticking to low-calorie foods. (A calorie is the measuring unit for the amount of energy produced by the food you eat as it is changed into fuel to be used in bodily activities. Extra fuel left over after the body has absorbed enough for functioning is stored up as fat.)

Calorie charts which tell you exactly how many units there are in an ordinary serving of almost anything you would want to eat can be very useful when you want to lose weight. Ask your librarian to help you find books on dieting which include a calorie chart. Or check your mother's cookbook. It may have one. But charts are not the whole answer. It is foolish just to add up the lowest calorie foods till you reach the one-thousand mark (the average number of calories recommended for reducing) and think you've been sensible. You may not be eating correctly at all. For instance, milk is rated at 170 calories a cup, while soft drinks have only 80. But milk is full of minerals, vitamins, and proteins—all of which are absolutely essential to your health. Soft drinks, on the other hand, have little food value in them beyond sugar, which you can get in its natural form in fruits. Foods listed under one general heading can also vary a great deal in caloric value. Take fish, for example. Flounder has only 78 calories in a four-ounce portion, while that darling of the drugstore lunch, canned tuna fish, has as many as 225!

Under the limited-quantity, low-calorie food regime, you won't lose in any spectacular fashion, to be sure. But you will lose safely at a rate that will not injure your health. You are no Hollywood starlet who has had notice from her studio that if she doesn't lose ten pounds in a week she's out of a job.

Now you ask, "What about exercise?" As an actual reducing measure, most doctors say exercising is a mirage. You would have to run many, many miles before you burned up one pound of fat. On the scales you would seem to have lost weight because you would lose much of the water in your system, perhaps, but you'd be so thirsty, you'd drink it right back again. Exercising, however, is essential for these reasons: It tones up your muscles, helps the circulation which in turn helps eliminate the broken-

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Famous CHILTON CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Sell Them To Your Friends Make \$2.20 PROFIT!

Think of it! More than TWO DOLLARS CASH PROFIT is waiting for you in these exciting boxes of famous Chilton Christmas Greetings. A GUARANTEED profit—you must make \$2.20 just by showing these cards to your friends and neighbors, or return them at our expense. Why is it so easy to make money showing Chilton Christmas Greetings? You'll know the answer the minute you look at these colorful, inspiring masterpieces. Not just ordinary run-of-the-mill cards that folks look at just once and throw away, but heartwarming, unforgettable CHILTON Greetings—so beautiful you'll be tempted to frame every one. See them for yourself, compare them with the most treasured cards you have ever given or received. Your own intelligence will tell you that there must be thousands of folks in your neighborhood who will be just as thrilled and delighted by these cards as you were... particularly when they discover that Chilton Christmas Greetings cost no more (and usually less) than just ordinary cards. Money will pour in on you! You will make a fat profit on every sale! You will earn \$10, \$20, \$50 and more, quickly and easily! And you don't need any experience—our free-money-making guide shows you how.

Christmas Duets

21 delightful, merry Christmas designs. Especially welcomed by couples and families. Handsomely decorated with sparkling glitters, spangles and flocking. Sell box for \$1.00.

Star Crest

A 15-card assortment chock-full of velvety velour attachments on lustrous Kromekote folders. Each card die-cut and highlighted with golden printing and dainty embossing. Sell this box for \$1.25.

Chilton

120 Kingston St.,
Boston 11, Mass.

1812 Roscoe St.,
Chicago 13, Ill.

FOLKS SAY: "WE'RE THRILLED"

"To say I am thrilled expresses it mildly... I sold three orders at once... Thanks to you." M.H.B., Westboro, Mass.

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WRITE TODAY for samples on approval.

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SAVE 35%
SHOP-BY-MAIL
BE PREPARED
For Your Camp Trips
• Satisfaction Guaranteed •
ARKTIK Sleeping Bags



■ 100% WOOL FILLED
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Postpaid
FREE Arktik Pillow With Every Bag in U.S.A.
NO OTHER SLEEPING BAG AT ANYWHERE IN U.S.A.
THIS LOW PRICE HAVE ALL OF THESE EXCLUSIVE
FEATURES • BUY ARKTIK • SAVE!
• LUXURIOUSLY 100% WOOL FILLED or 100%
KAPOK FILLED • PERMANENTLY WIND & WATER
REPELLENT.
Has heavy duty, "quick-exit," 1/2 side zipper down
one side
Completely wind, water & sun repellent canopy.
Made of patented flame retardant fabric that wipes
clean with a damp cloth. Wt. approx. 6 1/2 lbs. size
approx. 7' x 8' x 2 1/2'
Specify ARKTIK 30W When Ordering 100% Wool
Filled Sleeping Bag.
Specify ARKTIK 30K When Ordering 100% Kapok
Filled Sleeping Bag.

■ ARKTIK "100" - Same as above with full \$15.95
length zipper down one side and bottom.

permitting the bag to be opened flat.

Specify ARKTIK 100W When Ordering 100% Wool

Filled Sleeping Bag.

Specify ARKTIK 100K When Ordering 100% Kapok
Filled Sleeping Bag.

■ ARKTIK MOUNTAINEER

2-MAN TENT

WITH SEWED-IN FLOOR
& FULL MOSQUITO BAR

\$11.95

postpaid in U.S.A.

Really large enough for 3 people. Wind and Water-
proof. Floor is insect and waterproof. 85" long x 60"
wide. Wt. approx. 8 lbs. Full mosquito bar and
divided by a zippered floor panel. Stakes. The
finest 2-man tent at anywhere near this price.

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Send us your favorite photo and we'll send you a
LOG listing ALL stars plus 14 ADDITIONAL
PICTURES of popular stars on cover. Also tells how
to take your photo and where to send it to get pictures of
STARS' HOMES. Send name of your favorite star
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MIDWEST CARD COMPANY Dept. 10-B ST. LOUIS 1, MO.

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Amazing New Decorations light up Christmas Trees, Windows, Mantels, like magic... sell like magic. 24 for \$1.25. Pays giant cash profits. Send for free catalog and free Assortments. Big Line. FREE Samples 30 lovely embossed Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards for \$1.25 up. Book Matches, Stationery, Gifts. Several \$1 boxes on Approval. Write NOW!

PURU GREETINGS, 2801 Locust, Dept. 21-K ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

down fat cells from your body, and gives your whole structure elasticity.

There are a great many exercises you can do to keep your figure trim which do not use up so much energy that they increase your appetite, but which do help your waistline and your hips by making them so taut they repel any accumulation of fatty cells. You don't need any more equipment for them than a bathroom mat and your own will to keep at them for a half an hour a day. Here are a few of them:

Lie flat on the floor, arms at your sides. Raise your legs (knees stiff) and the lower part of your body over your head until you touch the floor with your toes. Now back to your starting position. Do this slowly. Next, lie flat, put your arms up over your head; repeat the above-mentioned movements, but as you lower your legs to their original position on the floor, bring your arms and upper body up and over until your fingertips touch your toes.

Stand up, arms over the head, and reach towards the ceiling, pushing up from your diaphragm. Next push up and up as if you were trying to reach the topmost rung of a ladder, first with one arm and then with the other, using every muscle of your body until you are standing on tiptoe.

Sit on the floor, legs as far apart as you can get them. With tip of spine held firmly on floor reach up and over with your right arm, bringing it down to touch left foot. Then swing left arm up, over, and down to touch right foot. When you can do this easily, begin a smooth circling motion, alternating with increasing speed while keeping your head well fixed between your arms. In time your forehead should touch the floor as you swing.

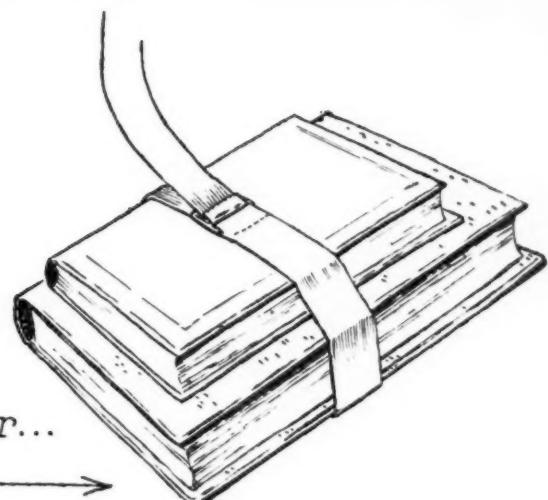
There is one more factor in this matter of overweight which should be discussed. Too much fat can be the end result of emotional distress. To be sure, there are just as many too-thin people at all age levels who are unhappy as there are fat people. But when you find a girl between twelve and eighteen who weighs proportionately far too much, this emotional factor should be considered. That overeating may be a substitute for affection—a means of forgetting any number of sorrows, including lack of success in one's studies or with one's fellows—has long been recognized by psychologists. It is just one way, and a particularly childish one, of "filling" an emptiness. You must remember that growing older is not easy. (Wait till you're forty and see how you like that!) We never in our whole lives are as successful as we would like to be, either in the outward things of the world or inside ourselves as human beings. But we must always keep on trying to reach our own version of the stars. We must try to understand ourselves, learn why we do what we do, why we want what we cannot always have, so that we can keep our minds and bodies going forward in a straight line.

To use up good energy by carrying around five, ten, fifteen pounds of fat for any reason whatever is wasteful. If that is your problem, set yourself the task of solving it. Say to yourself, "In three months or less I am going to weigh not one more ounce than I should. I am going to do it sensibly by watching what I eat, by exercising regularly in the right way, and by not being sorry for myself about anything." If you can stick to this program, you will add immeasurably to your character and incidentally to your good looks.

THE END



This is just around the corner...



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a new pair of

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Girl Scout \$8.45
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Brownie Scout \$7.45



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SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD

—With his band of Merrie Men, the famous champion of the poor and oppressed is brought vividly to life by Walt Disney in a live-action picture. It was filmed in Technicolor in England, in the very Sherwood Forest from which Robin Hood and his men sallied forth, in the days of Richard the Lion-Hearted, for their deeds of derring-do. You will surely want to see this. Richard Todd plays Robin Hood; Joan Rice is Maid Marian; James Robertson Justice is Little John. (RKO)



WE'RE NOT MARRIED—A justice of the peace (Victor Moore) discovers that two years earlier he has married several couples before legally authorized to do so. The comedy-drama shows how each couple received the startling news. The first couple is the Glad Gladwyns, a radio breakfast-table team hilariously played by Ginger Rogers and Fred Allen. Also in the glittering cast are Marilyn Monroe, David Wayne, Eve Arden, Paul Douglas, Eddie Bracken, Mitzi Gaynor, Louis Calhern. (20th Century-Fox)



SALLY AND SAINT ANNE—There is never a dull moment in this tale of the O'Moyne family and their feud with Alderman McCarthy, who holds a mortgage on the O'Moyne homestead. Powerful politician though he is, McCarthy proves no match for the O'Moynes—Sally (Ann Blyth), Mom, Pop, the three boys, and most important of all, Grandma (Edmund Gwenn) who has made a career of staying in bed for twenty years. You'll enjoy the blend of humor, romance, and human interest. (Univ.-Int'l)



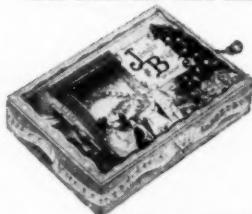
LOVELY TO LOOK AT—A movie version, in Technicolor, of the musical comedy "Roberta," this is a delight to eye and ear. The plot concerns a young American who goes to Paris intending to sell the dress shop he has inherited, and what happens to him—and the shop—when he takes a hand in running it. With Jerome Kern's unforgettable music, gorgeous gowns by Adrian, and with Red Skelton, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, Kathryn Grayson, Marge and Gower Champion starring, you are sure to like it. (MGM)

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Photo by T. F. Walters

The strange-looking object which this Saudi Arab Bedouin is showing to girls of Troop One of Dhahran is an eight-hundred-year-old Crusader's helmet

SPIN A GLOBE of the world, close your eyes, and drop finger at random on any spot. The chances are you will find yourself near, or not very far away from, an active, lively Girl Scout group. Let's take a swift, bird's-eye look at some we have heard about.

Setting out for a camping trip with an escort of Arabian soldiers is only one of the exciting experiences of the Girl Scouts of Troop One in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. The troop is made up of girls from the United States whose fathers are employed by the Arabian American Oil Company. All are enthusiastic Girl Scouts.

They have found that Scouting in Saudi Arabia is in many ways very different from the program in the United States, and presents many problems. A simple campfire, for example, requires hard work and painstaking care in Arabia. The region is rich in oil, but water and firewood are scarce and precious. Every stick of wood for a campfire has to be carried by the girls on their backs, and they have learned to use wood carefully.

The difficulties, however, have been more than offset by the unusual opportunities for activities in many other fields of Scouting. Most of them traveled halfway around the world to get to Arabia. Their journeys helped them earn the Traveler badge, and they were, naturally, able to make practical application of the requirements. They have gone on many trips to explore this desert area and to study the strange wild life. Green, growing things are rare. Flowers, shrubs, and trees have been coaxed to grow in Dhahran, Ras Tanura, and Abqaiq through the patient, loving care of the American families that have worked hard to bring this touch of home to the ancient desert land; and here, too, the girls have fitted in activities of their Girl Scout program.

On one of its most exciting trips, Troop One sailed in Arab dhows—small boats with triangular sails—to Tarut Island, a famous pearl center in the Persian Gulf. From there they rode inland on donkeys to explore the picturesque island. Swimming is popular in Saudi Arabia, and the troop has had no trouble earning the Swimmer badge. There have been many opportunities, also, to prac-

tice horsemanship, and many troop members have earned, and are working on, the Horsewoman badge.

Community service has an important place in the troop's program. Last year they sent \$150 and several packages of clothing to a group of Arab refugee girls in Jerusalem. Through candy sales and in other ways the troop also collected \$300 and several bags of clothing for children in Dar El Tiff, an orphanage in Jerusalem.

The girls have found that in some ways life in Dhahran is surprisingly similar to that in the United States, but there are many differences to remind them daily that they actually are thousands of miles from home. Their schools are modern, air-conditioned buildings, but the school term is divided into three-month sessions, with month-long vacations between each session. After junior high, most of the girls will return to the United States for high school, or go to Lebanese, Indian, Italian, or Swiss boarding schools. But no matter what their next experiences may be, the girls of Dhahran's Troop One are sure they will not be more exciting or colorful than Girl Scouting in Saudi Arabia.

An exhibit so unusual and so good that the judges felt it merited a special citation was entered by Girl Scouts of the Cape Fear Area Council of Wilmington, North Carolina, at a recent show of the Cape Fear Garden Club.

For their fine exhibit of salt-sea life, Brownie Troop 34 of Wrightsville Beach and Intermediate Troop 32 of Harbor Island set up a beach scene on a large table. At one end they displayed a "family tree" of shells, labeled with the scientific and the commonly used names. In the center of the table was a tray of shells with a key diagram behind it on which the names of the various shells were given. There was an aquarium containing four live sea horses, a live horseshoe

On a visit to one of the pearl areas of the Persian Gulf, Boy and Girl Scouts wave a greeting to a boatload of divers near Ras Tanura



crab, a pincushion, and other interesting specimens of salt-water life. Several different kinds of turtles and crabs were also included in the presentation.

Recognizing the skill and care and work that had gone into assembling the unusual exhibit, the visitors to the Garden Club show agreed that it well deserved the special award which was created for it.

One of the memorable experiences of Girl Scouts of Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, is the week during which they helped entertain a troop of blind Girl Scouts from Chicago. The NBC "Welcome Traveler" program originated the idea of the vacation for Troop 591 and their leaders. Girl Scouts of the Door County Council, the Door County Chamber of Commerce, and local businessmen all worked together to make the vacation a happy one. Before the Chicago girls arrived, it was learned that one of the group was a spastic, as well as blind. So a Curved Bar Scout with a year's training as nurse's aide was assigned to take special care of this girl. In preparation for the duty this Scout made a special study of spastic cases.

The Chicago troop was welcomed to Sturgeon Bay at a tea in the Sunset Community Building. A cherry lapel pin was presented to each of the blind girls, and the bouncing and tinkling of the little bunches of artificial fruit seemed to please them immensely. The seven Scouts, their leader (who is also

All Over the Map

blind) with their coleader and another adult who could both see, were to spend the week in a hotel and cottages on Fish Creek. On the drive north to the creek the group stopped at a trading post at Egg Harbor. The Chicago Scouts were thrilled to meet the great-grandson of the famous Indian chief Oshkosh, to listen to his exciting stories of Indian days, and to hear him play the tom-tom.

It was fun-filled week. One day was spent on a long boat ride with a Mariner troop in charge. For the Chicago troop it was a great thrill when the boat stopped at Gull Island so that they could listen to the sounds of the hundreds of gulls that make the island their home. The visitors entertained their Sturgeon Bay hostesses at dinner one evening. Afterward they demonstrated how they read Braille and weave, and the Wisconsin Scouts taught them action songs like "Red Men" and "That's What I Learned at School."

A picnic in the Peninsular State Park, hostessed by a Senior Service troop, was part of the week's activities. The park superintendent told them the history of the park, and helped the blind girls to "see" the many flowers by touching them with their fingers. The Seniors also entertained the guests at a campfire, and a Hospital Aid troop acted as their hostesses at an indoor party when a hike was rained out. Brownies, too, had a hand, serving as hostesses at a picnic lunch. Between times, the Chicago girls attended church services, swam, exchanged ideas and impressions with their new Girl Scout friends. For everyone concerned, it was a week to be remembered long and happily.

Clubs In Springfield, Missouri, the Girl Scouts have developed an outstanding swim program. Each year the American Red Cross and the Springfield Park Board conduct a free learn-to-swim program for all children at two of the city's parks. At each pool Senior Life Savers from Senior Girl Scout troops assist the water-safety instructors,

while Junior Life Savers take charge of the swim records and sometimes serve as demonstrators. All non-swimming Girl Scouts are urged by the program committee to take part in the learn-to-swim activities, and many Scouts, and some leaders, enroll each summer.

An important part of the program is the lifesaving classes which qualified Girl Scouts may join. During the lifesaving classes canoes are permitted in the pools, and demonstrations of how—and how not—to handle a canoe are a popular feature of the classes.

Clubs To interest the Intermediates in Senior Scouting, the Seniors of Niagara Falls, New York, recently held an Intermediate-Senior get-together. The highlight of the affair, which was arranged by the Senior Planning Board, was a play written by three Seniors to show the wide range of their activities. In one scene girls were working on the Senior Service badge requirements; in another, a Wing Scout troop was making plans to visit an airport. There was a scene in which Mariners worked on knots and a model boat; and in a camp scene the girls built an outdoor kitchen. Still another scene showed the Senior Planning Board discussing arrangements for a trip camp. Slides were shown, in this scene, of a trip camp which the Seniors took to Washington, D. C., and also of the All-State Camp held last summer at Cody, Wyoming.

Concrete evidence of the success of the get-together has been the greatly increased interest in Senior Scouting.

Clubs More than two hundred Scouts attended the 1952 Senior Conference of the Greater Saint Louis, Missouri, Council. At the opening session of this annual "roundup," a Western tie with a Girl Scout double-bar brand was given to everyone. A talent and quiz show were put on that first evening, and one of the most interesting features was a talk given by a student who had attended a work camp in Germany last

Headline News in Girl Scouting

year. As she told of her experiences, she showed slides taken in Germany.

On Saturday morning work groups discussed topics of special interest to Senior Scouts; in the afternoon, all took part in a "rodeo" which included races and jumping.

At the banquet on Saturday evening, Ruth Ann Ziegenhorn, who had been "Governor" of the 1951 Missouri Girls' State, spoke on the importance of living democracy, and the conference ended with an impressive ceremony at which "Old Timers" were awarded their ten-year scrolls.

Clubs Girl Scout troops are always on the alert for community-service activities. Brownie Troop 88 of Harpersfield Township, Ohio, in the Massasauga Area Council, lost no time in doing something to help victims of the Kansas floods. They sponsored a clothing drive which enabled them to send a large donation of clothing to the flood-stricken area. When, a little later, a tornado struck in Arkansas these Brownies undertook a second drive and gathered enough usable clothing to send a good-sized box to the Girl Scout Executive Director in Little Rock, for distribution to families in the area.

For one of their community-service activities, Lone Troop 1 of Ida Grove, Iowa, addressed, stamped, and mailed several hundred copies of the official publication of the Iowa Division of the American Cancer Society. The girls did the work on Saturday afternoons and at other convenient times. As a final step before delivering the copies to the post office, they separated them according to towns and cities and tied them securely in bundles to facilitate mailing.

When this Girl Scout troop learned that Lady Baden-Powell was to speak at LeMars, their leader and several of the girls made the sixty-five mile trip to hear her. It was stimulating and exciting to meet the World Chief Guide, and to exchange ideas with Girl Scouts from other areas, and they returned home with heads filled with plans for service and fun activities. **THE END**

Imagination and ingenuity went into the making of this unique exhibit of salt-water life, set up by Brownies and Intermediates at a show of the Cape Fear, North Carolina, Garden Club

Photo by John Kelly



It is hard to tell which are having the most fun, the blind Girl Scouts from Chicago, or their Mariner hostesses from Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, as they set out for a long boat ride

Acme Photo





Paul Parker

The aviation-minded Intermediate Scouts shown here get some valuable instruction on the location and function of the major parts of an airplane from a Wing Scout

THE PLANE headed into the flight pattern over the home field. The pilot eased back the throttle, dropped the nose into a normal glide attitude. With the wind direction determined, the pilot, constantly on the lookout for other planes, was now ready to make her final approach for a landing. The operator in the control tower on the field directed the intense, narrow beam of the portable traffic light or "Biscuit Gun" toward the plane and flashed its way the steady green light which meant *Cleared to Land*. Another plane circled. This time the beam from the Biscuit Gun was red: *Give Way to Other Aircraft and Continue Circling*. Another plane circled. . . .

No, this scene did not take place at your local airport, but in a Chicago Wing Scout troop's meeting room. An accurate map of the airfield was chalked out on the floor; the pilots flying imaginary planes were the girls themselves; the operator of the make-believe control tower, their leader. But the rules and regulations for landing a plane that these girls followed so conscientiously were strictly

authentic. Here were Wing Scouts in action —sticklers for accuracy; eager for more knowledge of this technical but fascinating subject, aviation; proud of their part in one of Girl Scouting's newest Senior programs.

This year the Wing Scouts celebrate their tenth anniversary. Although the Girl Scouts had had an Aviation badge as early as 1912, fast-changing times indicated more and more the need for a broader and more specific program. By the early forties the Air Age had definitely arrived and showed signs of growing to be a bigger, more important part of living. So in July, 1942, the Girl Scout organization took a firm step into the future by launching an aviation program for aviation-minded Senior Scouts.

The objectives of the Wing Scout program are fourfold: To understand some of the social, economic, and political effects of aviation on people and nations; to offer opportunities for preflight training and flight experience (if permitted by Girl Scout Councils and parents); to increase community service through aviation and related fields; to explore

Ceiling Unlimited

by NOVETAH DAVENPORT

A salute to Wing Scouts, who celebrate
their tenth anniversary this year

the vocations open to women in aviation. Any Senior Scout fourteen to seventeen years of age or in high school can "earn her wings" (become a Wing Scout) by fulfilling the six requirements listed in the Wing Scout Manual. Work on ratings (which were devised because many girls wanted activities planned around subjects related to aviation) takes Wing Scouts into the study of aircraft, aircraft engines, meteorology, navigation, and civil air regulations.

Today a chain of Wing Scout troops spans our nation from east to west, north to south. Let's take a quick cross-country tour for an imaginary airplane view of highlights past and present in the Wing Scout program.

THE COMMUNITY CO-OPERATES

The "Rogerettes," Wing Scout Troop 99 of Lincoln, Nebraska, discovered for themselves that their enthusiasm for many facets of flying was matched interest for interest by numerous friends in their home town. A high school teacher became their leader, a local Naval Air Reserve pilot held them



New Brunswick, New Jersey Wing Scouts do a good turn for their community. Here they are hard at work at the job of painting the fence around the North Brunswick Airport



A high point in the program of these Lincoln, Nebraska Wing Scouts was the opportunity to study a Link Trainer at the Nebraska Air Age Education Division's laboratory

spellbound with fascinating tales of some of his flight experiences. A staff member of the State Department of Aeronautics came to their meetings and unraveled many technical details about handling a ship. The Nebraska Air Age Education Division, located at the University of Nebraska, offered booklets and other written materials, as well as a thrilling opportunity for all the girls to simulate actual flying maneuvers, observe navigation instruments, and learn the proper use of two-way radio in the Link Trainer which is part of the Division's laboratory equipment. The official in charge of United Air Lines operations in Lincoln conducted tours through the airport and aboard an airliner. There were long evenings of good flying talk, peppered liberally with flying "slang," about everything from how propellers work to requirements for being an airline stewardess. There were ideas to swap, new information to glean from air-minded friends, each and all eager to share their knowledge with Wing Scouts. The experience of the Lincoln troop is only one example of how communities stretch out a helping hand.

IN RETURN WE OFFER . . .

The Wing Scout way of saying thanks lies in their program of service to the community. A troop in Borger, Texas, worked in the airport office as office aides, each girl volunteering four hours a week during the summer months. They answered telephones, scheduled appointments for instruction, took care of ledgers, kept the logs of the planes, assigned out all planes. A New Brunswick, New Jersey, troop wanted positive activities and got them. They rolled up their sleeves and went to work painting the fence around the parking section at the North Brunswick Airport. A Wing Scout from Texas writes: "We are Wing Scout Troop Number 1 here in Corpus Christi. We meet each week at Cuddihy Field among the airplanes. We are going to take part in Civil Defense by registering local planes and pilots." Many troops contribute to safety in cross-country flying by painting air markers on roofs according to the Civil Aeronautics Administration Air Marking Division specifications so that pilots can check their course.

Thus a Wing Scout learns to understand her community; through understanding serves it more fully; and finally, enriches her own ability to live in today's flying world.

ENTER THE SPONSOR

No view of Wing Scouting is complete without a good glimpse of the sponsoring groups. A sponsoring group is an organization that agrees with a Council or Lone Troop Committee to assume definite responsibilities such as providing resources and equipment for one or more Wing Scout troops. Among sponsors and program consultants you will find well-known international airlines, the Civil Air Patrol, businesses and industries, flying clubs, and flying services. Manufacturers of aircraft and aircraft parts are on the list, also, as are the women's aviation organizations like the Ninety-Nines, the international organization of licensed pilots which has adopted Wing Scouting as part of its air-education program. Here are some examples of what this sponsoring group has done: In Detroit, five Ninety-Nines flying their own planes carried Scouts, leaders, and camping equipment to Grayling, Michigan, for a camping week end. Last month, from July 4 to 9, Wing Scouts were invited to

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ATTENTION, INTERMEDIATES!

From the clouds where we've been flying to the solid ground of Intermediate Scouting is not as long a way as you might think, for Intermediate Scouts interested in the Wing program can begin now to take part in activities which will provide both the "feel" of Wing Scouting and a splendid foundation. Here are some badges to work on: Aviation, My Community, First Aid, One World, Pioneer, My Country, Home Nursing, World Interpreter, Explorer, Junior Citizen, Weather. When the time comes to plan your Wing Scout program, numerous people will be most happy to give assistance. Many of these sources of help have already been discussed in this article. You can find out about others by writing to the Civil Aeronautics Administration, Office of Aviation Information, Washington, D. C.

"CAVU"

These four letters in this order stand for "ceiling and visibility unlimited," a weather report familiar to every pilot. It indicates simply that weather conditions for flying are ideal. But Wing Scouts, who have adopted it as a sort of slogan, read into it a richer, deeper meaning—that through Wing Scouting their opportunities for service and personal growth in body, mind, and spirit are truly visible and unlimited. THE END



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"Why, Annie!" Melinda cried, as pleased as her friend. "To be sure. See, you know two words already."

"I'm learning to read," Annie marveled. "Just wait till I tell Dennis. He sets around and reads and reads. You know them coupons from the Arbuckle coffee sacks?"

Melinda nodded. Everyone in the Panhandle knew those coupons you clipped and sent in for wonderful prizes.

"Dennis don't have no trouble deciding what he wants. He gits the cook to save him all from the chuck wagon. He said he was going to git a dic-dic-dictionary," Annie brought out the word proudly. "Me, I want them beauty pins. I want them so bad." She sighed. Melinda knew those pins. She wanted them too.

"You know," Annie continued, "as soon as Dennis gits to be eighteen, he's taking out of here."

"Where?" Melinda asked. She hadn't realized how much she and Dennis had in common, both of them waiting to go somewhere else.

"Oh, I don't know. Where his ma's folks live, Kansas City, or Omaha, or New York. Someplace far, anyway. When he's eighteen, he can git his ma's money out of the ranch and take out." She seemed to have the whole story well in mind. "Pa says a body ain't got no right to take anything from a country when he don't put nothing back. He thinks Dennis ought to stay on the ranch."

"Girls," Mama called, "dinner's ready."

The food was spread on tables made of boards set up outside the dugout. Dennis, standing between his uncle and Nick, said hello to Melinda.

"Hello," she answered.

The preacher asked the blessing and the grownups helped themselves, followed by the children. No one seemed to eat any of the food the Fosters had brought, so Melinda finally took a fried pie, and she and Annie went off by themselves. How am I going to eat it? Melinda thought miserably. Presently she had an inspiration.

"Annie," she said, "why don't you bring your paper dolls out here, so we can play with them before the preaching starts?"

Annie agreed delightedly, and as soon as she was out of sight Melinda tossed the uneaten portion of her pie far and wide. She heard a grunt and a startled yip and turned to see Dennis wiping the remains of the pie from his face. She had hit him, dead center between the eyes.

"Oh!" she cried in startled horror. "I'm sorry! I didn't aim to hit you."

He finished wiping his face and looked straight at her. At first he seemed angry, then he grinned. "No, I guess you didn't aim to hit me. That's why you did."

Annie came back with her box of paper dolls and looked at them puzzled. Melinda couldn't think of a thing to say. It was Dennis who spoke.

"I was trying to get Melinda to come pitch horseshoes with us boys," he told Annie without a smile, "but she won't do it."

The week before Melinda's birthday there were many preparations in the dugout.

"I can't wait for August twentieth to come," Katie crowed, looking mysterious.

There was no secret about Mama's gift, for it was a new red dress and had to be tried on. As she looked at herself in the mirror, Melinda lifted her two black braids

and held them across the top of her head. Mama looked at her in surprise and wonder.

"Why, Melinda," she said, "for a moment you did give me a shock. You looked like the picture of Great-grandmother Tillery."

Pleased, Melinda let her braids drop. Great-grandmother Tillery was the one the whole family held in awed respect. They used to sit very still in Grandmother's parlor while she told them stories about her. She had come from Georgia to Texas when it was still a republic and things were very difficult. Her husband had been killed at the battle of San Jacinto, but instead of returning to Georgia, Great-grandmother had rolled up her sleeves and made a home for herself and her children in Texas. Grandmother had once said that Melinda had "a lot of Great-grandmother Tillery in her."

At last the day came. They waited until supper to open the presents. The new dress from Mama came first.

Katie's package was a complete surprise. The child had taken scraps from the new dress and sewed them into half-handers, pretty and dainty enough to wear to church or visiting. Carolyn's gift, too, was made of scraps from the new dress, a pincushion with dried grass stuffing already oozing out of the crooked stitches which the fat little hands had put into this labor of love.

Then it was the turn of the twins. They went outside and came back dragging something. "It's a locker to put your things in," Bert explained. "It will slide under your bed," Dick told Melinda. "We made it ourselves out of orange crates."

"It's just beautifull!" Melinda exclaimed. Mama had slipped away from the table, and now she came back with the big cake.

But Carolyn began to wail. "Where are the candles?" she cried. "It's got to have candles or it isn't a birthday cake."

Everyone sat helpless until Melinda got up quickly. She took matches out of a box and stood them up around the edge of the cake until there were fifteen. Then she placed one in the middle. "To grow on," she explained to Carolyn. With another match Melinda lighted all of them. They were as bright as any real candles could be.

As Melinda kissed Carolyn, she thought that even in East Texas, she had never had a birthday as nice as this one.

Summer merged into fall, and winter was almost on them. Papa and the boys hauled extra water and several wagon-loads of chips. Then he said he believed he would drive over to the breaks for a load of wood to use when snow or rain made the chips too wet to use. He started off the next day, saying he would stay all night at camp with Nick, Herman and the other cowboys.

The following day the sun was no longer shining and the sky looked gray. The wind was coming up. While they were having lessons, Mama said, "I wish your father were here." Papa had not taken the boys with him, much as they wanted to go, because he told them they could not leave Mama without a man around the place. But nobody ever came by, Melinda thought. Back in East Texas there were parties or Mama entertained the Ladies' Aid or there was always a neighbor dropping in. Here, once in a while a cowboy rode past, or a wagonful of "nesters," but that was all.

By four o'clock the wind was stronger. The sky was sullen and gray. Then it began to rain—a rain that soon changed into

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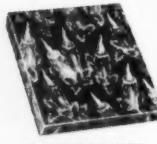
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icy sleet. The boys milked the cow and gathered the eggs. They came back, blowing on their hands. Sleet clung to their coats.

"Where's Papa?" Carolyn asked suddenly. They were all wondering the same thing.

"He'll stop somewhere, out of the cold," Mama assured her. "Out here, people take you in, even if you're a stranger." That was the law in the Panhandle. No one ever turned down anyone who needed help.

"Even *bad* strangers?" Carolyn persisted.

"Don't you worry, baby," Mama comforted her. "There aren't any bad strangers to bother us."

They were rather silent as they ate supper. Even the twins were quiet. With Papa gone, nothing seemed right. They hurried through the dishes, and then Mama read about the wonderful adventures of Robin Hood. Finally she closed the book, saying, "Let's go to bed now."

The wind was screaming around the dugout, and the sleet danced loudly against the little windows. Melinda thought of Papa. If only she knew that he was safe!

Then there was the sound of a step on the stairs of the dugout. "Thank God!" Mama said, half under her breath. She moved swiftly across the floor and put her hand on the door to throw it open. As she did so, there was a knock. Mama dropped her hand, her face set in a firm, watchful line.

"Who's there?" she asked.

Tige set up a great barking and rushed to the door, trying to jump up on it. "Who's there?" Mama called again, and Melinda saw her eyes fly to the gun which hung on its peg just over the door.

"Couple of travelers." The voice came through the closed door.

"Walking?" Mama asked.

The answer to that should settle things. Barring accident, a man walking was not the right kind of man. By the answer, Mama would know whether to open the door.

"In a manner of speaking, yes," the voice said. "One horse broke his leg stepping in a prairie-dog hole. We're riding double."

"What do you want?" Mama asked.

The man swore. "To come in, of course. Out of this storm."

For an instant Mama looked as if she meant to refuse. Then she raised her hand, opened the door.

"Come in," she said.

Two men stepped inside. One was small and dark, with a low forehead. He looked like a coyote, and seemed to slither rather than walk. His eyes darted around, taking in everything. When they came to the gun over the door they stared.

The other man was younger and taller. He did the talking.

"Howdy," he said. "You alone here?"

"My family is here," Mama told him.

"We're going to spend the night," he said.

These men were not cowboys. No cowboy would talk like that to a woman.

Dick and Bert stood watching them, uncertain what to do. Katie had slipped back into the far corner, taking Carolyn with her, while Melinda stood by Mama's side.

"Got anything to eat?" the tall one asked.

Mama turned and pulled the coffee pot back on the stove, put beans in a pan, saying, "Set the table, Melinda." When things were ready, she said, "Sit down."

The men sat down and began to eat. They shoveled in the food with their knives and pushed it in with their hands. Finally the

men finished and shoved their plates away.

"Guess we'll just take turns sleeping," the taller one said. He walked over to Mama and Papa's bed and lay down without taking off his boots, placing his gun beside him.

"Wait!" Mama said. There was something in her voice that made him sit upright, reaching for his gun as he did so.

"We—we—" Mama began unsteadily, then went on more firmly, "we were about to have family prayers. Will you join us?"

The man looked at her uncertainly. Mama went to the ledge where the Bible lay.

"Sit down, everyone," she said.

The twins sat on their bench, Melinda and Katie on theirs, Carolyn in Melinda's lap. The two men stood, staring.

"Sit down," Mama said to them.

They sat down, the dark one moving his chair so he was between Mama and the door with the gun hanging over it. The tall one sat back on the bed suddenly, as if he didn't quite know what to do.

Mama opened the Bible, turned its pages. Then she came to a passage she evidently liked and began to read. Her voice was slow and deliberate. She read as if she were delivering a lecture to one of the children and wanted every word to sink in.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? . . ."

Mama looked up from her book and directly toward the tall man on the bed. Then she looked back at the book. The tall man stirred restlessly. Mama closed the Bible.

"Let us pray," she said. She turned to the men. "We always stand to pray," she added.

Uneasily, the men got to their feet, looking trapped. Tige lay on the floor, growling. "Come here, Tige," Melinda said. The dog sidled over to her reluctantly and lay down at her side. She put her hand on his head. "Quiet, Tige," she told him. Mama put her hands on the back of her chair and lifted her head. "Our Heavenly Father," she began.

Melinda had never heard anyone pray like that before, not even the preacher or the presiding elder. Mama went all around the universe, reminding God of the things He should take care of. She prayed for "the stranger within our gates," and finally got around to the family in the dugout. "Watch over us, Thy children," she said. "My babies and me. Let no evil befall us, for we place ourselves in Thy loving care."

Melinda looked up from under her lashes. Mama's hands were tight on the back of the chair, so tight the knuckles showed white from the strain. "Amen," Mama said. Then she turned to the children. "Go to bed, but don't take off your clothes. It's too cold. Melinda, you put Carolyn in bed with you. I'll sit up and keep the fire going."

Melinda tucked Carolyn in and then slipped over to Mama.

"Do you mind if I sit up with you?" she asked. She couldn't leave Mama sitting there alone to face whatever danger threatened.

"Why, of course, Melinda," Mama said.

Melinda sat down on a chair at Mama's side, and Mama got a coat to cover both of them. Then she took the Bible in her hands.

Meanwhile, the tall man got back into bed and the other sat down. Soon the one in bed began to snore, but the man in the chair was wide awake, alert, watching.

Melinda and Mama sat quiet and alert, too. Mama looked down at the pages of her Bible, but Melinda felt she was not reading. Presently Mama got up to put some chips

on the fire. Almost before she had stirred, the watching man jumped to his feet, eyeing her intently. Evidently reassured by her actions, he sat down again. For a little while the room was warmer and more comfortable. When it began to grow chilly again, Melinda got up. "I'll put the chips on," she offered.

This was the signal for the watching man to rise, go to the bed, and put his hand on the shoulder of the sleeping man. "My turn."

The tall one got up and without a word took the chair his partner had vacated. "Got some coffee in that pot?" he asked.

Mama went to the stove and pushed the coffee pot to the front lid. After a few minutes she poured a cup and carried it to the table. "Here it is," she said.

Mama returned to her own chair and her Bible. Outside, the wind screamed louder than any lobo. Melinda clasped her hands in her lap again. They sat still, bound in a nightmare of unreality. What was going to happen? When would Papa come?

(To be continued)

High-Wire Act

(Continued from page 29)

he dived in again to cool off. Jill cautiously lowered her feet into the water. Underneath the surface it was chill, and tiny algae and fronds of water plants made the rocks slimy and slippery. How could Howie possibly enjoy a swim in such a place!

There she was, being afraid again, Jill realized. If Howie took a good look at her now, hunched and shivering on a solid rock in broad daylight, he would never ask Dave Woolcott over for supper.

Howie came out lazily and began to look around for the dungarees and polo shirt he had tossed at the bushes. "Hey!" he said, "I'd forgotten all about that."

Jill carefully scraped her way over the rocks to where Howie was inspecting an old steel wheelbarrow body, attached to two wooden trolleys which ran along a heavy wire cable. Jill had noticed the cable stretching from the top of the cliff opposite them down to the point of land jutting into the quarry where they stood.

"Is this left from the days when the quarry was worked?" Jill asked.

"No. Uncle Harv made this," Howie said, "when he was getting flagstone for his house. See—there's a rope so you can haul this barrow or bucket contraption up to the top of that cliff. Then he'd load the stone into the bucket and *zing!* down it would zip along the cable, over the water, and he'd have his stone right where he wanted it."

Jill shook her head. "Isn't there any other way to get it down?"

"Nope. No road or path. Just rock piles and briers." Howie made the cable bend and it bounced back with a snap. "Think Mom would like a flagstone terrace for her birthday?"

"In December?"

"Well, I could make it now," Howie said. "She always gets gypped anyway on account of Christmas. I'm going to climb that cliff and see what's up there."

"Howie! How are you going to climb up?"

"Like a monkey. See?" Howie walked along a ledge around the back curve of the pit. When he was almost opposite Jill, the ledge gave out and he began loosing himself over the knobs and bumps in the cliff wall. Once his foot slipped, knocking a stone loose, and Jill felt her heart thump.

"Howie!" she begged. "You'll fall!"



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"I should worry with all that water underneath!"

In another scramble or two he had hauled himself over the top of the cliff. He walked along the edge to where the other end of the rope on the wheelbarrow was tied and the cable was anchored on an iron ring in the rock. He undid the rope and began to haul the barrow up the cable. It swayed and the cable bounced.

"Won't the stone spill out?" Jill called.

"No. Uncle Harry told me when he was in a hurry one day he just climbed in the bucket, shoved off, and was down where you are in two seconds. I might come down that way myself."

"Don't you dare!" Jill yelled at him.

Howie pulled the barrow within reach, and parked it precariously on the edge of the cliff as he fastened the rope. Then he wandered around, looking at flagstones. When he started to lift one to put it in the bucket, Jill shouted again.

"We'll bust the station wagon if you put any more stone in today!"

"Okay, Discretion." Howie put the stone down. "I'll climb down, and we'll go home."

He edged along the cliff and suddenly Jill saw him start. He gave a yipe and then fell heavily—out of sight!

Jill stood there, her legs weak with fright. "Howie!" she called. "Howie!"

But there was only the interlacing of the echo. "How-ow-ie-ie! How-ow-ie-ie!" as her voice spanked against the stone.

Howie must be badly hurt not to answer her, and there was no one to help them. Jill felt as if someone had wound a spring in her and set it off without even asking her permission. She didn't want to go, but here she was, walking along the ledge at the back of the pit. She had on her sneakers, but the loose gravel sliding underneath her feet made her catch her breath.

Then the ledge disappeared, and she balanced on a last tiny shelf, twenty feet above the gray-green water, as she tried to find the right handholds and footholds to pull herself up. It was still fifteen feet to the top of the cliff.

Jill felt the skin scrape off her fingers as her grip gave, and for a horrible moment she thought she would collapse and plunge into the pit. Her arms began to feel as if they were made of cotton batting.

But inch by inch she was getting there. At last, she could raise her head over the edge of the cliff. She could see Howie's arms and the top of his head, but how still he was!

With one last wrench and heave, Jill scrambled over the top and ran to her brother. One of his legs was caught in a cleft between two rocks. She knelt and tried to pull him free, but he was too heavy, and his leg was caught fast. He had no color in his face, and it seemed to Jill that she could hardly hear his breathing. She knew she had to find help fast!

She stood at the edge of the cliff, wondering how she could ever climb down the rocks without falling. It was so far—and the water, deep below, had a cold, cruel look.

Then Jill caught sight of the wheelbarrow bucket tied to the edge of the cliff. It would be the quickest way down! A few seconds. A few, unbelievably long, eternal seconds, and then it would be over.

Could she do it? She knew she had to try.

She tried to pretend that fear wasn't clutching her, as she grabbed the cable and lowered herself into the bucket that hung

sickeningly over the edge. She fumbled with the knotted rope and finally it was undone.

But the bucket didn't move. Her weight grounded it, like a boat caught on a shoal. Below her the rocks reached up their jagged heads, and the water looked as flat and hard as a sheet of steel. But Jill leaned desperately forward, shifting her weight.

With a scrape, the bucket lurched off the cliff. The cable bounced and swayed. The bucket swung wildly, and Jill shut her eyes and clung to the sides as it took on speed. The wind of their passing took her breath.

After a moment she opened her eyes. The water flashed closer and before she realized it, she was over the land. Could she stop before she crashed? The next thing she knew, the cable straightened out and the bucket danced to a stop. Jill tried weakly to move her cramped arms and legs, and in a second or two she felt them prickling. Then she remembered she had to move fast. She tumbled out of the bucket and began to run toward the house. Halfway there she heard a rustling in the wood, and Uncle Harv stepped into the clearing.

"I heard yodels, when I was on my way home through the woods, so I speeded up," he called. "And what were you, Jill—of all people—doing, joy-riding on my cable!"

"It's Howie!" Jill screamed. Breathlessly she gasped out her story. Uncle Harv, already striding toward the ledge, sent her to his house to call an ambulance and a doctor.

After it was all over, and Howie had been removed to the hospital, Uncle Harv drove Jill and the rocks back home.

"I want you to know," he boasted to his sister, "that Jill is about the bravest thing in curls. Riding that cable is no joke. And you be sure to tell Howie I said so."

"You know," said Jill, trying to relax on the comfortable old sofa, "probably in my whole life I'll never have to do anything so frightening again!"

By You (Continued from page 32)

The Limbs

Poetry Award

The limbs

curve to fit me as I sit.

The leaves

form a frame to the picture

Of gray clouds lightly spread with a dusty pink.

The cool air after the rain is light and thinly clear.

The back-porch light shines through the leaves.

The limbs

of the tree are hard;

I fit my body into them in my favorite position.

I love the air after a light rain— so thin and pure and clear.

SARAH L. FILER (age 11) Indio, California

Wild Indian, 1951 Style

Nonfiction Award

While we were in the West last summer, I was anxious to meet a real Indian, since I'd never known one. In Douglas, Arizona, I got to meet one, but I got quite a shock, for Indians are modernized like everything else.

When we first saw the Indian, he was sitting at the front of a curio shop working on a pair of earrings. He was short and heavy set, with very white teeth and long, jet-black

"I should hope not!" exclaimed her mother. "Would you like an eggnog before I go down to see Howie?"

"No, thanks." Jill jumped up, her eyes sparkling. "I'm never going to be afraid of anything again! Because if I've done the most frightening thing and lived through it, what have I got to be afraid of?"

"Not a thing, darling," said her mother matter-of-factly. "I'll make you an eggnog anyway."

"Any time you want a recommendation to Ringling Brothers as a high-wire artist, just call on me," said Uncle Harv.

"I'm going with you to see Howie," Jill said. "I want to tell him that I'm terribly sorry about his broken leg, but grateful for what his accident did for me."

"Before we go anywhere," said Uncle Harv, "let's dump those rocks out."

The rocks landed helter-skelter in the Millers' back yard, but the fireplace did not turn out to be purely a family project.

To be sure, Howie, ensconced in a wheel chair, his white cast gleaming in the sun, directed the construction. And Jill was to be allowed to mix the cement after all—whole grand, oozing recipes of it.

But lifting and placing the stones was a friend of Howie's who had volunteered his services. Howie introduced him to Jill when she came into the yard with the long hoe.

"Jill, this is Dave Woolcott. Dave, this is my fearless sister, Jill, who rescued me."

"I'm glad to meet you at last," said Dave, as Jill blinked in surprise. "I've been noticing you in school for a long time. I guess it's because you're so dainty and always look as if you were floating instead of walking."

"The delicate kind?" Howie asked wonderingly.

"Here, Howie." Jill handed him the hoe. "I'll move your chair so you can mix the cement. I'm going in and stir up some devil's-food cake."

THE END

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 Sell newest, most daring line in prints! Nothing like Day-Glo colors—bright, colorful! Exclusive line 21-card beautiful Christmas Assortments... Religious, Humorous, Gift Wraps, also Stationery, Napkins, Pictures, Postcards, etc. All imprinted with Name Imprinted—40 for \$1.00! Rush name for FREE SAMPLES Personal Cards; assortments on approval. Write, Arrows Greetings, 515 4th Ar. So., Dept. 8-38, Minneapolis, Minn.

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BIG PROFITS SELLING AMERICA'S
FINEST CHRISTMAS CARDS
beautiful assortments 21 cards for \$1.00.

Novelty cards. Name Imprinted cards, Stationery, Pictures, Napkins, Assortments, gift items. Over 100 fast sellers. No experience needed. Write to SENNAB COMPANY, 129 North Warren St., Syracuse, N.Y.

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SAMPLES
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STATIONERY
NAPKINS, Etc.



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C. L. EVANS
says: "My FREE
Selling Guide
and 64-page il-
lustrated new
type Catalog
show you how
to make extra
money without
experience."



New 21-Card Leader
Christmas Assortment



New Humorous "Action"
Christmas Assortment



New "Swing-About"
Christmas Assortment



New "White Brilliance"
Christmas Assortment



SEND TODAY for FREE TRIAL
OUTFIT of Feature sample box
assortments on approval, FREE
sample portfolio Name Im-
printed Christmas Cards, Sta-
tionery, Napkins, Towels and
money-making plans.

NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS
North Abington 707, Mass.



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Good Housekeeping

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Please rush me your sample outfit for FREE
TRIAL approval and all details of many new
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Here's all you do-
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greeting cards, beau-
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anyone who
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Free Samples

Name Imprinted Christ-
mas Cards 50 for \$1.25
and up, exclusive 100 for
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Stationery, Personalized
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Baby Sitting?

Poetry Award

Running, walking,
Singing, talking,
Anything to stop
Their squawking.

Racing, biking,
Chasing, hiking,
Something that is
To their liking.

Taming, reading,
Washing, feeding,
Don't they hear
My constant pleading?

Combing, brushing,
Bedding, hushing,
Where has all the
Time been rushing?
The day is finished,
As is fitting;
And so am I—
With baby sitting!

JANE P. SPAETH (age 14) Middletown, Connecticut

The Sound

Nonfiction Award

I opened the door of the Musical Academy, and was immediately greeted by "The Sound." "The Sound" is the first thing you notice in that place; as a matter of fact, it hits you like a ton of bricks. What is "The Sound"? It is a strange mixture of music. The grumble of the bass fiddle in the first studio blends with a flute solo in the room across the hall. In the second studio, Mrs. Morris, that's my teacher, hammers out a scale on the piano, while Madame Dembrowska in the next room sings something from "Aida"—or is it "Il Trovatore"? In the little organ room, one of the school's geniuses thunders through a Bach composition. Upstairs, in the classrooms, people are learning harmony and ear training with a humming, buzzing sound. Then, in the front office, a telephone rings, the door bangs, a restless child sighs, and several old friends meet in a medley of noise. These things combine to make up "The Sound," and they will continue to do so as long as the old building stands.

EVELYN OSTROW (age 13)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Who's a "Softy"?

Fiction Award

I am fed up! Absolutely fed up! I simply won't let anyone push me around and tell me what to do anymore! I'll learn to say "No," if it is the last thing I do. That Helen Stuart, who does she think she is? It is all right when she wants a favor of me. She can be just as friendly as can be, but after the favor is done, well, that's all! Guess who is snubbed then? Me.

It isn't only Helen, but all the kids. They can pass and not even see me, but just wait until they want a favor. Then, it's "Joan, honey" and "Joan, dear." They know I'm a softy and will bend over backward to help them. Well, I'm sick of it! The next time, the very next time someone

wants a favor of me I am going to surprise them. I'll say "No." I practice it before my mirror every night. I've been imposed on enough, but it will be no more. From now on, I'm through!

Oh, dear! There comes Helen, and she is smiling at me. She wants a favor of me. I can tell, for she always smiles that way when she wants something. First she will start with flattery. Then she will tell me what a mess she is in. That is when she will ask me to help her out. But I won't! And will she be surprised?

"Oh! Why, hello, Joan dear." (Here it comes, the same old line.) "You're looking radiant today." (Flattery. I know I look like a goon.) "Oh, darling, you know? I am in the most horrible situation." (Just like always.) "You see, Mother wants me to sit with Susie tonight, but I have a movie date with Bart." (Here it is. Now for the favor.) "Well, I know how fond you are of Susie," (the little monster) "and you never go out at night." (Of course not; I'm not popular like Helen. No one likes me unless they want a favor.) "So would you be a darling and sit with Susie for me?"

"Why, I—well, sure, Helen, I'll sit with Susie."

Good-by to a perfectly good resolution. But then, what are friends for if not to help in time of difficulty?

JUANITA POLLARD (age 14) Branchville, Indiana

How High the Moon

Fiction Award

They say books and libraries are wonderful things; according to my English Lit teacher, they can carry you to the moon and back. This I never really believed until the other day. I, being a normal fifteen-year-old sophomore boy in high school, had other things on my mind than books and a biology report—namely baseball. The day before the big game I was rudely reminded of biology reports by coach's statement that I needed higher grades if I was to play.

As I rushed into the library two minutes before class, I was vaguely aware of running into something. What the object was I did not discover until moments later. After grabbing an encyclopedia and flopping down at a table to collect my scattered thoughts and hope to make my report, I became aware of someone speaking to me. Looking up, I discovered that the "object" I had bumped into was talking. She was one of those things you dream about but never really see. What she was telling me, though, didn't belong in any dream! She had long honey-blond hair (loose, no "horsetail"

PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

DOROTHY HEWITT (age 14) Pilsford, Vermont



either). The voice she was telling me off in sent chills up and down my spine, and wasn't meant for telling people off. After a couple of gulps, I got my voice back, apologized, and explained about the report. She very kindly offered to help me. In the process she somehow got to leaning over my shoulder, and I got her name, address, and telephone number. Her name was Carol Moon, she went to a rival high school and didn't know a thing about baseball. I, with my generous heart, promised to show her at practice that evening. I could hardly wait. At three fifteen I picked Carol up at the library and dashed out to the practice field. She caught on pretty quick, all but the signals. We made a date for that night, and I went over to her house. Before I left she knew all the signals perfectly.

The next day was the big day. If my school beat Carol's, we would win the State championship. Of course we would win! But, I hadn't counted on Carol. I must be a perfect teacher, for we lost the game 17 to 0. After the game, when I saw Carol, she was with the rival captain, having a wonderful time.

Believe me, the moon is a lovely place if you can stay there. The ride up is wonderful, but the ride down is a terrible nightmare, and when one gets back to earth, it's just plain horrible!

ANN HILL (age 14) Trevilians, Virginia

Stairs at Midnight

Nonfiction Award

If you've ever been out at midnight when 10:30 is your curfew, you know how near catastrophe a creaking step can be. In the daytime, or anytime before midnight, you can jump on it, pound it, or do anything in your power to make it creak, but will it be so obliging? Of course not. But let one little soft, stocking foot touch it at midnight, or whenever you don't want it to make any noise, and the creak seems to roar like thunder through the moonlit house. You stop and listen for a long moment before continuing on your way. But luckily not even Aunt Hattie, who is a very light sleeper, heard it. Anyway, you're safe for the next step.

Now at last you are at the top of the stairs and groping blindly for your door. When you are about ready to reach for your light switch you let out a muffled scream, for you suddenly see a monster lurking on the wall. But it was only your own shadow.

Now at last you can collapse into bed. Then you glance out the window and see a light which turns out to be the yard light you have neglected to turn out. After all the trouble you took to make sure there were no slip-ups, to discover the yard light has to be turned out! You feel like sinking through the floor. Maybe that would be a quicker way down at that. But as it is, you have to go back down the stairs.

MARY E. CHAPEL (age 14) Sparta, Wisconsin

A Sleepy Summer Night

Poetry Award

The stars are bright,
The moon's in sight,
The pines are swaying.
"Go to sleep," the frogs are saying.
The dogs are howling,
The cats are prowling,
The shadows are creeping.

The world is sleeping . . . sleeping . . .
sleeping . . .

MOLLY ADDIE STARK (age 10) Scooba, Mississippi

It's SO EASY

Beginner Earnings \$117.00
Your cards don't need a salesperson—they sell themselves.

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Make Extra Money

No Regular Hours—No Experience Necessary

EVEN BEGINNERS EARN
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This booklet shows how anyone can make money right from the start without any previous experience. Send coupon now for free imprinted samples and box assortments on approval, plus this free booklet. No obligation. IVA BRUNDAGE & SONS, DEPT. A-28, 4600 Oakman Blvd., Detroit 4, Mich., Western Office, 1423 Curtis St., Denver 2, Colorado.

IVA BRUNDAGE & SONS, DEPT. A-28

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please print

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City..... State.....

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Amazing New Decorations light up Christmas Trees, Windows, Mantles, like magic—all like magic, 24 for \$1.25. Pay plain cash profits! Make up to \$60 on \$1 Christmas Card Assortments. 50¢ on \$1 Name Imprint Christmas Cards, 50¢ for \$1.25 up. Matches, Stationery, Gifts. Seven \$1 boxes on approval. Write

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Please send money-making details and samples.

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Make Money Spare Time—For Yourself, Church or Club. Make money and friends with fast-selling Personal Christmas Cards printed with Sender's Name. No wonder everyone wants them when you offer less than 3¢ each. No experience needed. 300 CARDS FREE! Albums of 30 styles—all action—\$1.25. Special Box Assortments sent on approval. Designs include Religious, Humorous, Artistic and Business. Big season now. Send no money! Samples Free. Rush name on postcard.

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**You Must Make
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Just show samples of Merit's sparkling new Christmas Assortments to your friends and acquaintances. Everyone sends Greeting Cards. Everyone buys! Amazing value 21-Card Assortments **SELL ON SIGHT** at just \$1. You make up to 100% CASH PROFIT on quick, easy sales.

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**Complete Line of
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Included are Metallics, Napkins, Gift Wrappings, Everyday Greeting Cards and many more. All are automatic sellers that pay big! In addition, show EMBOSED NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards low as 50 for \$1.25; PERSONAL STATIONERY, MATCHES, other imprinted items. Your earnings pile up fast!

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Start earning with SAMPLES of Name-Imprinted lines and Assortments on approval. Mail coupon for samples today!

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CLIP COUPON—MAIL TODAY!

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O. K.! Rush my Christmas assortments ON APPROVAL, also samples and selling Plan.

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City..... Zone..... State.....



PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:
CHARLOTTE SHUTTS (age 14) Hillsdale, New York

Paris

Nonfiction Award

Paris! The city of fashion. Paris! The city of music and arts. Paris! The city of interest in every way.

When one hears the name Paris, one often thinks of fashions, music, arts, or perhaps even the Eiffel Tower. At least that is what came into my head before I had the chance to come to Paris. But is Paris really like that? The Europeans think that America is a place where one simply pushes a button and everything is done, and where everyone is superbly rich. But we know differently. Then is Paris really like that? Perhaps I can tell you a little about that wonderful city.

Paris is in some ways a city of fashions, but not everyone is rich enough to go to Christian Dior's and pick out a new gown for that ball next week or a new pair of shoes to go with the red hat. The usual Parisian wears felt slippers all day long and always to market! Some go to Elizabeth Arden's for a new hairdo but most go to the corner *coiffeur* and try a new dye. Young children usually wear simple clothes and a rabbit-fur coat. They carry a little brief case and have school every day except Sundays and Thursdays. They work hard, but they enjoy school.

Paris has a wonderful opera house, and I was fortunate enough to visit it once. It is most beautiful inside as well as outside. For art one must visit Le Louvre where is found the "Mona Lisa," the "Winged Victory," and "Venus de Milo." There are many museums in Paris, so no matter what one is interested in, one can always find a collection to please one.

On Friday and Saturday nights, the city is lighted up beautifully, and when I look out of my window I can see Sacre Coeur, a beautiful white church on the hill of Montmartre. This is like out of fairytale.

France is a very religious country, and one often sees a funeral carriage with a long procession of people dressed in black walking along behind it.

The French people eat a lot, but what they enjoy most of all is a loaf of hard bread, some cheese, and a bottle of wine. Even the children drink wine. The French are also fond of their creamy pastry. Food is the main thing in their lives!

HOLLY ANN WILLARD (age 12) Paris, France

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Dorothy Dye (age 15) Berkeley, Calif.
POETRY: Elizabeth Field (age 13) Decorah, Iowa;
Connie O'Leary (age 16) Bend, Ore.
FICTION: Hilary Smith (age 13) Cambridge, Mass.;
Elaine Rose (age 15) North Falls Church,
W. Va.
PHOTOGRAPHY: Susan Dalhouse (age 14) Jacksonville, Fla.

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawing or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

Poems: Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Suggested for December, 1952—"Winter Skies."

Drawings: Any subject. Black-and-White only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". **WARNING:** Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject. Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entries for the December 1952, issue must be mailed on or before September 1, 1952. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send Entries to "By You" Dept. Editor
The American Girl Magazine
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

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Studies in Synthetics, Pages 38, 39			
Dell Tween Outfit			
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Cleveland, Ohio	The May Co.	Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's
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Pontiac, Mich.	Perkins	New York, N. Y.	Jane Engel
Portsmouth, Va.	Jays	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Children's Toggery Shop
San Antonio, Tex.	Amickie's	Paterson, N. J.	Meyer Bros.
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Brownie Sweater	Frederick & Nelson		Semiteen Dress
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THE AMERICAN GIRL



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Send No Money

Just rush the coupon for handling. Send Demotators of actual samples and tested selling aids, plus new Best Sellers on approval and samples of exquisite Personal Christmas Cards selling for as low as 25¢ with name imprinted.

**THOMAS TERRY
STUDIOS**
457 Union Avenue
Westfield, Mass.

THOMAS TERRY STUDIOS

457 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.

Please rush me your Home Demonstrators and actual Best Sellers on approval, with all details of how I can make extra money quickly. (Check one square and fill in spaces below.)

Selling for myself. Selling for a group.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

MAIL COUPON For Home Demonstrators

Personal
Christmas Cards,
Initial, Floral
and Scented
Stationery
— plus
**BEST SELLERS
ON APPROVAL**

**NOVEL
HANSEL AND GRETTEL
FIGURINES**

77

300 STAMPS. 10¢
FOR ONLY

THIS MAMMOTH VALUE INCLUDES STAMPS WORTH
UP TO 25¢! ALSO APPROVALS. WRITE TODAY!

MYSTIC STAMP CO. Camden 70, New York

307 ALL DIFFERENT 15¢

A beautiful collection of commemoratives,
triangles, high values, bi-colored stamps,
etc. Only 15¢.

GARCELON STAMP CO. Box 407, Calais, Maine

GIVEN! Powerful Magnifying Glass

and Big Bargain Lists
to new customers for
5¢ postage and handling.

Jamesstown Stamp Co., Dept. 212, Jamestown, N.Y.

"HOW to Recognize Rare Stamps"

GIVEN—Book containing nearly 200 illustrations
of Philately information that every collector
should have!

KENMORE, Milford H-71, N. H.

GIVEN! Scott's International Stamp Album
plus valuable, colorful collection, hinges,
mystery sets, \$5.00 Presidential. Full
particulars to approval applicants. 3¢ Post-
age, please.

RAYMAX, 68-G Nassau St., New York 38, N. Y.

GIGANTIC COLLECTION **GIVEN!**

Includes Triangles, Early United States
—Animals—Commemoratives—British
Colonies—High Value Pictorials, etc.
Completely illustrated. All information
in one place. Illustrated Magazine all free.
Send 5¢ for postage.

GRAY STAMP CO. Dept. AG, Toronto, Canada.

GIVEN! **"THE STAMP FINDER"**
which any stamp belongs. 32-pages illustrated. Includes
values of "Stamp Collector's Dictionary," "Stamp Treas-
ury," "Stamp Catalog," "Stamp Values," etc.
GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 1107, Calais, Me.

WOW! **203 All Different**
GERMANY **10¢**
Zeppelins, Semipostals,
Airmails, High Values,
etc., to new customers.

Jamesstown Stamp Co., Dept. 522, Jamestown, N.Y.
200 BRITISH EMPIRE STAMPS **ONLY**
Norfolk, Tokelau Is., Grahamland, Pakistan,
Nepal, big stamp of murdered Mahatma
Gandhi, many others.

KENMORE, Milford A-71, N. H.
200 Different Stamps **5¢**
including F.D.R. TRIANGLE
Also 5¢ Approval Stamps
RAYMAX STAMP CO. Dept. A SPRINGFIELD MASS.

What Are "Approvals"?

"Approvals" or "approval sheets" mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of an approval sheet is that the value of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street, address, City, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number, and the usual condition, or paid for.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in the same condition as when sent. The collector need not pay for the value of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street, address, City, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

November Recipe Exchange

Subject: Fritters

Date Due: August 20

* The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the November issue must reach us by August 20.

* Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.

* JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

Jokes

LAST CHANCE

The family was packed into the car, ready to start off for vacation. Father took his place behind the wheel and then announced: "Now I'm going to drive around the block, and during that time, I want each one of you to remember what he's forgotten!"

Sent by ANN PYER, San Antonio, Texas

HOMING PIGEON

TRAVELER: One round-trip ticket, please.

AGENT: Where to?

TRAVELER: Back here, of course.

Sent by LORELEI GAINOK, Tucson, Arizona

DRIVEL DRIP

MAY: Why do you call Bill a small-talk expert?

FAY: If there's nothing to say, he'll say it.

Sent by BARBARA BENNETT, Glen Burnie, Maryland

Bright Bugs

NANCY: This is an ideal spot for a picnic.

NAT: It must be—fifty million insects can't be wrong!

Sent by DUANE POWELL, Ranger, Texas

EFFICIENCY

"Where's my pencil?" demanded the big-shot executive.

"Right behind your ear," replied his secretary.

"Come, come!" snapped the VIP. "I'm a busy man. Which ear?"

Sent by ROSE MARIE NAPPO, Buffalo, New York

OFF THE TRACK

An American soldier stationed in London was trying to give an Englishman some idea of the size of Texas.

"In Texas," he said, "you can board a train one night, ride all the next day and night, and you'll still be in Texas."

"Really!" exclaimed the Englishman. "And I thought our trains were slow!"

Sent by DIANA DEMPKOWSKI, Bridgeport, Connecticut

IMPORTANT POINT

BANK CLERK: You forgot to dot the "I" in your signature, madam.

DEPOSITOR: Would you mind dotting it for me, please?

BANK CLERK: I'm sorry, but it has to be in the same handwriting.

Sent by WYNELL DURDEN, Dothan, Alabama

ITS RIBS ARE SHOWING, TOO

LEE: Your umbrella looks as though it had seen better days.

LAURA: Well, it certainly has had its ups and downs.

Sent by SHARON LEE HARRINGTON, Berkeley, Michigan

HUNH?

GERDA: Daddy, may I ask you one question?

FATHER: All right, but it must be a short one.

GERDA: If a doctor is doctoring a doctor, does the doctor doing the doctoring have to doctor the doctor the way the doctor being doctored wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doctoring the doctor doctor the doctor the way he usually doctors?

Sent by AMELDA GUTHRIE, Quincy, Washington

CAN YOU BLAME HIM?

There was a young dentist named Fiddle, Who refused to accept his degree, Said he, "It's bad enough to be Fiddle, "Without being Fiddle, D. D."

Sent by JANET CRAWFORD, Corvallis, Oregon

OH, NO!

CALLER: Are you sure the manager is not in?

DIGNIFIED OFFICE BOY: Do you doubt his word, sir?

Sent by JOANNA LEE HARPER, Virginia City, Nevada

NERVEWRACKING

FOREMAN: What's the idea of quitting?

RIVETER: I don't mind the rata-tat-tat-tat of the air hammer, but the guy behind me hums all the time.

Sent by KAY PINCKNEY, Rochester, New York

SPORTS CALENDAR

TEACHER: What are the four seasons of the year?

BOY: Football, basketball, baseball, and swimming.

Sent by SYLVIA WAGNER, Ada, Michigan

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



THURSTON

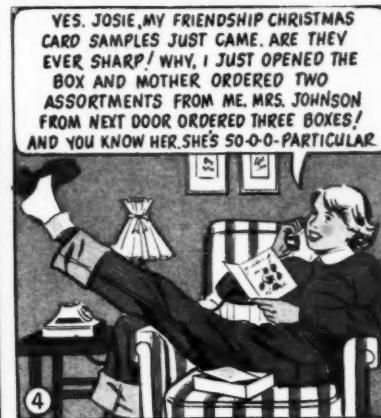
"I like hiking with you. You don't spend the whole time talking!"

DOTTY EARN'S EXTRA DOLLARS AND HAS FUN DOING IT, TOO!



SAY, JOSIE, HERE'S SOMETHING. THIS AD SAYS I CAN EARN EXTRA MONEY SELLING FRIENDSHIP CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS. WHY, I COULDN'T SELL A THING!

IT'S NOT SO FUNNY, DOTTY. TRUDY DOES IT. HOW DO YOU THINK SHE GOT THAT NEW BIKE? IF I WERE YOU I'D GIVE THAT AD A TRY.



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